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EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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Cover girl on the gaily painted narrow boat *Arcturus* wears a putty wool doeskin travel coat and skirt newly teamed with a navy blue polo sweater. The coat costs 22½ gns., the skirt 8½ gns. and the sweater 4 gns., all from Wetherall House, Bond Street and Regent Street; Wetherall House, Edinburgh; Wetherall Salon at Owen Owen, Coventry. The navy leather helmet is at Reed Crawford and David Hurn took the colour picture. The canal boat is moored on the River Wey at Guildford, departure point for writer Peter Carvell and Richard Swayne, see page 633. *Arcturus* is available for public trips and private hire from May until the end of this month. Her owner, Bryan Nicoll, will supply details at Guildford Wharf, Friary Street, Guildford

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon will attend a gala performance of Billy Smart's circus at Blackheath, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., 5 October.

"Guns of Batasi" world première, Carlton, Haymarket, 24 September, in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund. (Tickets, 10s. 6d. to £5 5s., WHI 3711.)

Autumn Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, to 26 Sept.

Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry Ball, Welbeck Abbey, 26 September.

Benenden Ball, Quaglino's, 2 October. (Details, Benenden 3163.)

Cesarewitch, Newmarket, 3 October.

Army One Day Horse Trials, Tweseldown, Aldershot, 3 October. (Details, Camberley 21122 ext. 10.)

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley, 5-10 October.

Women of the Year Luncheon, Savoy, 12 October, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind.

Christian Dior Fashion Lunch, the Dorchester, 14 October, in aid of the United Nations Association. (Tickets £2 15s. from the Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth, 25 Charles St., W.1. GRO 2784.)

Horse Trials: Ayrshire, Eglington; **Bucks**, Stokenchurch, 26 September. **S.E. Area**, Edenbridge, Kent, 29 September. **Hampshire**, Tweseldown; **East Midlands Dressage Group**, Osberton, Worksop, 3 October; **Essex Area**, Bures, Suffolk, 4 October; **Wilts**, Wylve, 10 October; **Beaufort**, Nettleton, Chippenham, 13 October.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Windsor, today; Pontefract, today & 24; Ascot Heath, 24-26; Warwick, Catterick Bridge, 26; Hamilton Park, 26, 28; Birmingham, 28; Newmarket, 30 September, 1, 3 October. **Steeplechasing**: Scone (Perth Hunt Meeting), today & 24; Taunton, Plump-ton, Market Rasen, Bangor, 26; Folkestone, 28; Fontwell Park, 29 September.

ART

Joan Miro, Tate Gallery, to 11 October.

The Inner Image, Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue, to 9 October.

Elizabeth Perrins, Hebridean landscapes, St. James's Deeside Gallery, Dinnet, Aberdeenshire, to 16 October.

London Salon of Photography, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 3 October.

21 Artists, Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, Surrey. To 28 September.

EXHIBITIONS

International Handicrafts & Do-It-Yourself Exhibition, Olympia, to 26 September.

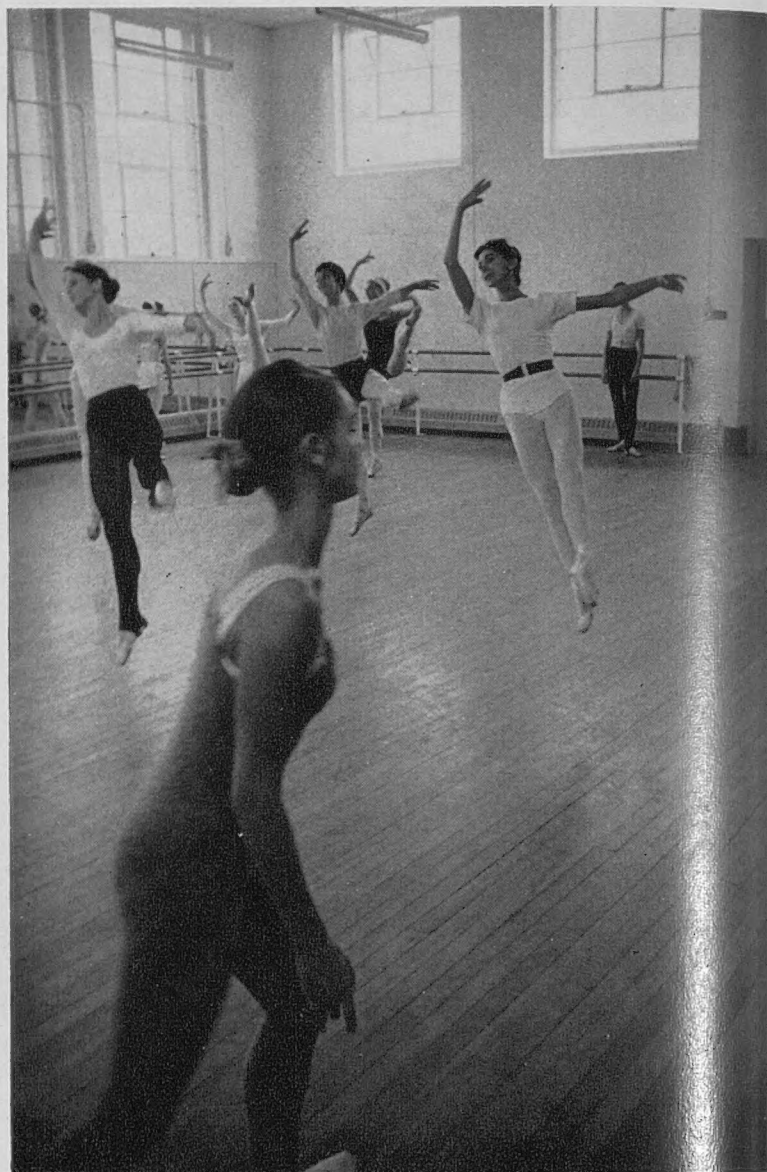
Piaget Exhibition. 365 watches designed by Swiss specialist craftsmen, Kutchin-

sky's, 69 Brompton Rd., 6-31 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Duke of York's. *A Scent of Flowers*, 29 September.

Aldwych. *The Jew of Malta*, 1 October.



Prima ballerina assoluta of the Royal Ballet, Dame Margot Fonteyn joins the rest of the company in class before the autumn season begins at Covent Garden. Fonteyn will appear with Nureyev in Swan Lake and Giselle

BRIGGS by Graham





Roman fashion... London prices

Three new versions of the well-loved black dress by three famous Rome designers, copied most lovingly, seam by seam, in Debenham's own workrooms. Here is the best from both worlds—elegant Italian design, English workmanship, realistic prices.

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GOING PLACES

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.
Hatchetts, Piccadilly. (HYD 1804.) Theatre dinners from 6 p.m. I am glad that the new owners of this restaurant have reverted to the original name. I am glad also that there is again dancing at night: 40 years ago I danced (without much skill) the Charleston there. In fact, Hatchetts is continuing its tradition of providing good food, first-class wines, and attentive service at far from excessive cost. The first course starts at about 4s. 6d. and the main course round about 12s. 6d. If you want to drink economically the *rosé en carafe* is a good bet. The Guards Bar is a comfortable place in which to consider the menu; there is a cabaret turn, usually solo and not overlong. Four generations of my family—my mother used to take me there as a “treat” before World War I—have enjoyed this restaurant, and I shall look forward to taking

my eldest granddaughter there.
W.B.

Wheeler, 19 Old Compton Street, Soho. (GER 2706.) Apart from the fact that it is the foundation member of the Wheeler group there is something about this all-fish restaurant and oyster bar that makes it unique. It is frequented by people who enjoy good food, people whose cheerfulness seems to combine with the prints and plates on the walls to create an atmosphere of contentment and well-being. I have been going there off and on for 20 years, and I have never yet had to find fault. **W.B.**

Strategic position

For those who take the trouble to work out uncrowded routes through this traffic-choked land, Banbury is a useful stopping-place, about three hours driving from Shrewsbury and, via Buckingham and the



M.1, two from the North Circular Road. Facing Banbury Cross is a fine old stone house added to with admirable skill and taste, the **Whately Hall Hotel** (Tel: Banbury 3451) with a beautifully kept and spacious garden behind it. We thoroughly enjoyed our night stop there, from the friendly welcome to the comfortable room with bathroom, a good dinner and breakfast, and efficient service everywhere. Including the two meals, drinks and 10 per cent service charge, our bill for the night was under £4 per head, which seemed far from excessive for the standard of comfort and service. In this privately-owned hotel small dogs are accepted by prior arrangement at 3s. 6d. per night, but not (very properly) in the public rooms, and

TO EAT

(equally properly) only on a lead in the garden. If you are stopping for a meal only, there is a grill bar as well as the spacious restaurant. It is wise to book rooms, and tables at weekends.

Wine note: port apéritif

Discerning Britons have long been aware of the virtues of port after dinner. Visiting Portugal they have discovered that it is pleasant, chilled, as an apéritif. George G. Sandeman Sons have been wise in putting Porto Branco—white port—on the British market for drinking before luncheon and dinner. Its bottle is graceful and attractive, and will catch the female eye. The price, 20s., seems reasonable.

. . . and a reminder

Le Provençal, 259 Fulham Road. (FLA 9434.) Its title, Restaurant Français is fully justified.

American jazz singer Mark Murphy photographed on BBC-2's Jazz 625. He is currently appearing at Ronnie Scott's club in Gerrard Street



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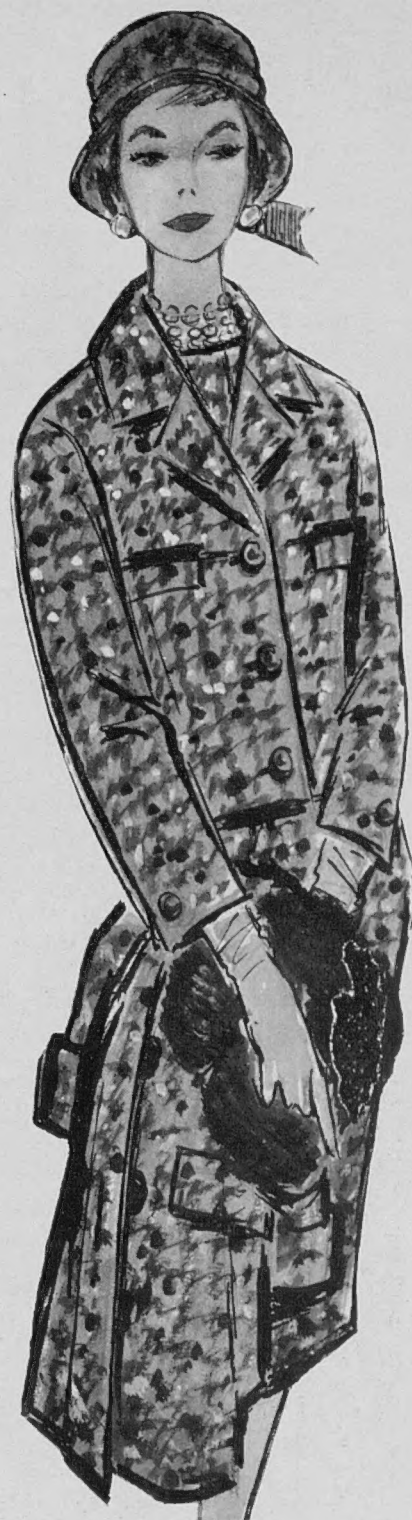
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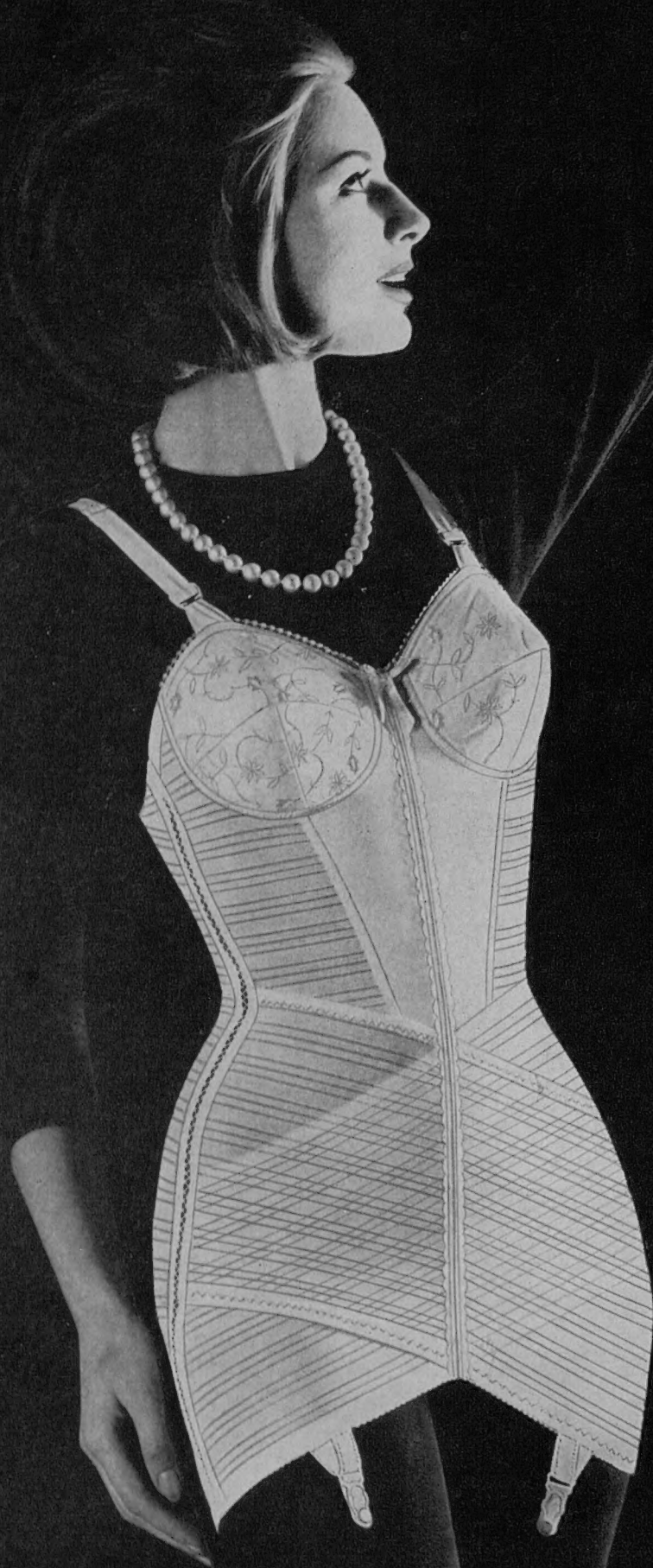
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GOING PLACES

Whether the first sight of its hills is from a train leaving Bologna, or from the road that leads northwards from Rome *via* Orvieto, or across the flat plains of Pisa, you know that you are in Tuscany as surely as you know that you have reached the shores of an island. Alfa Romeos may whizz along the autostrade from Florence, but farm carts drawn by a pair of white oxen are more likely company along the winding roads that link Poppi and Bibbiena, Vallombrosa and Regello. Casentino, the wine growing district that lies between the upper valleys of the Arno and the Tiber, hardly knows, thank God, the tread of the conventional tourist. Stony white river beds, dry until the early spring, wind between little hills and vineyards,

dotted with red-tiled farmhouses.

Such are the riches of Tuscany that the charms of some small towns go almost unremarked: a row of Renaissance houses, perhaps, or street lamps bound by delicately wrought iron on either side of their upper windows. A piazza, a pulpit in a church, a triptych or a single fountain. Tuscany contrives to be earthy and elegant at the same time. Slender cypresses contribute towards this curious formality: they can be sombre in other contexts but not, somehow, in this part of Italy where they shelter vines and trim the Renaissance hill towns. Name me your more spectacular beauties, but, despite them all, the heart of Tuscany remains one of the most satisfying



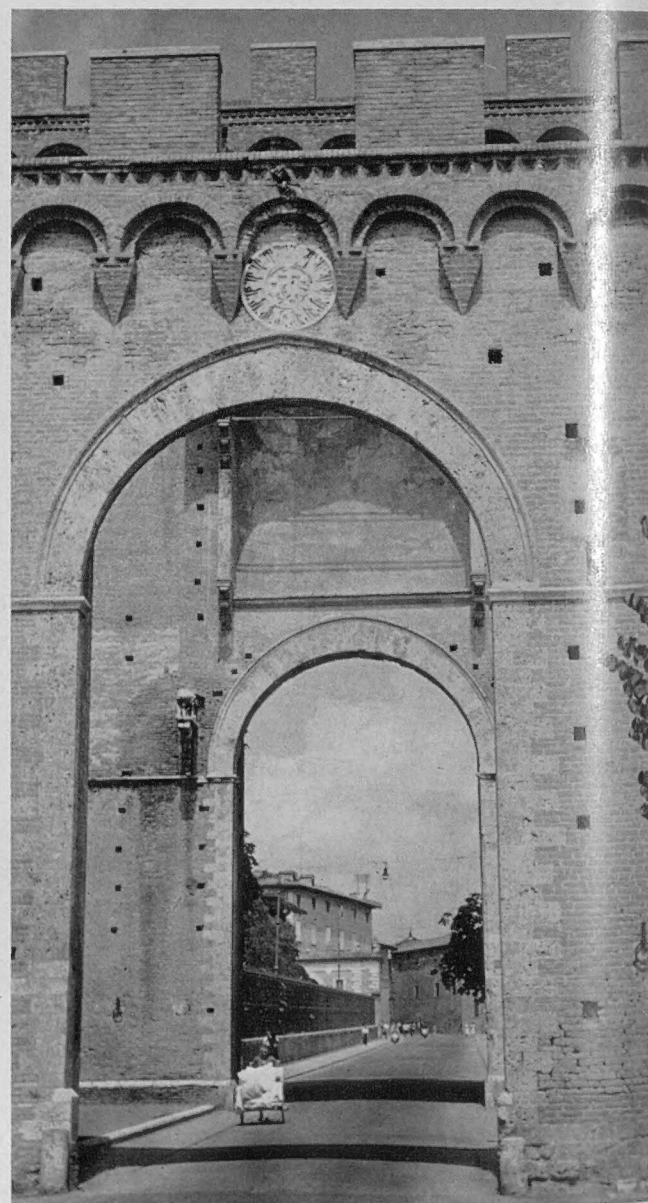
ABROAD

chapels, is a collection of Della Robbia ceramics, as unique as their setting. The old, upper town of Arezzo itself has great charm on a small scale. At seven in the morning the Piazza Grande bustles with a flower and fruit market, and snuff-coloured doves coo softly from their cages. Most people go to see the Piero della Francesca frescoes in the church of San Francesco, but these are by no means the only goal. One of the oldest and loveliest churches in Tuscany is the Santa Maria della Pieve, whose sublime Romanesque proportions are crowned by a solitary altarpiece in dull, glowing gold, by Pietro Lorenzetti.

and restful places on earth.

Leaving Florence aside (for that, indeed, is a chapter on its own) I would divide my time in Tuscany between Arezzo, Siena and perhaps San Gimignano. From Arezzo first, perhaps, down to Cortona to see the primitives in the 14th-century Diocesan Museum (it contains, among many treasures, Beato Angelico's *Annunciation*). Or drive eastward, *via* Sansepolchro, and climb the winding road to the summit of La Verna, crowned by the Franciscan monastery. Here, spread over some seven different

By comparison with Arezzo, Siena is a city of some size, yet considering the great days when it was the historic rival



Above: the Porta Romana in Siena.
Left: the Santa Maria della Grazia in Arezzo.
Opposite page: Arezzo's Piazza Vasari.

to Florence, it has dwindled into a provincial town, set within an agrarian community. It is arguably more beautiful than Florence, because it is smaller and more harmonious. Its core is the Piazza del Campo, that glorious, pink-bricked shell whose apex tips gently toward the Palazzo Pubblico and the Torre del Mangia. Even if one never set foot inside any of Siena's museums, the vista through each little street which coils and empties into the piazza is an architectural joy.

Siena's élite is represented by men such as 83-year-old Count Chigi, whose Renaissance palazzo, housing the Musical Academy, is open to visitors. I suggest it not only as one of the least-known treasures of Siena, but also as a haven to the monumental. For here is something essentially on a human scale, many of its relics within hailing distance of the remembered. Inside the secretary's office is a faded photograph of the Opera Ball

in Milan, 1890, with Puccini, Verdi, Toscanini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni toasting one another around a roistering, candlelit table. Plush sofas and silk wallpapers, lots of lace and some richly rococo decor make an appropriate background for Liszt's piano, for framed letters and portraits of Richard Strauss, Segovia, Casals and Galli Curci. A Botticelli and a beautiful little Sasseta triptych acquire, in this domestic setting, a more intimate significance.

The Pinacoteca contains the greatest single collection of those golden, Byzantine inspired Primitives. And from odd corners and windows in the gallery is a view which competes in beauty: the sight of the crenellated roofs of Siena below, looking like a sublimely shuffled pack of cards.

The Duccio Maesta, painted in 1311, is Siena's newest—and oldest—masterpiece: its completion and transport from his studio to the cathedral caused riots of joy in the streets, and

only recently was it transferred to a room by itself in the Cathedral Museum, flanked by dark velvet drapes and superbly lit (some thousand tiny batteries are wired up behind the picture). Little bits are missing (notably those in the National Gallery and the Metropolitan in New York), but the rest has been wonderfully restored. Virtually a strip cartoon of the Bible, created in the days when the story had to be told without the benefit of words, it is comparable to the great illuminated manuscripts, inlaid with ivory, adorned with gold and set with precious stones.

San Gimignano, the hill town to the west of Siena which contains the world's first skyscrapers (10th century), could be either an excursion or a resting base.

It, too, is situated in one of the loveliest parts of Tuscany (for we are dealing in superlatives throughout) with easy drives to Certaldo, Volterra and Massa Marittima. And,

very close, the little-known town of Colle Val D'Elsa, with its fortified gateway and, beyond that, its streets of medieval towers, palaces and mansions.

Hotels and Restaurants: In *Arezzo*, the Graverini is modern, comfortable, has good food. For atmosphere, the cellar restaurant Bucco di San Francesca, near the church of the same name. *Siena:* During the summer, the hotel Villa Scacciapensieri, in charming gardens just outside the city. *Eating only:* Guido has a Michelin star for its food and lots of film stars framed around the walls. Carlo, in via Montanini, has a pretty, tree-shaded patio. Standards are generally high, and there are scores of small places in the streets which back Piazza del Campo. *San Gimignano:* the Cisterna has been smartened up a lot, but remains a nice country *albergho*. Situation and view are wonderful; grills and roasts roar and crackle over an open spit.





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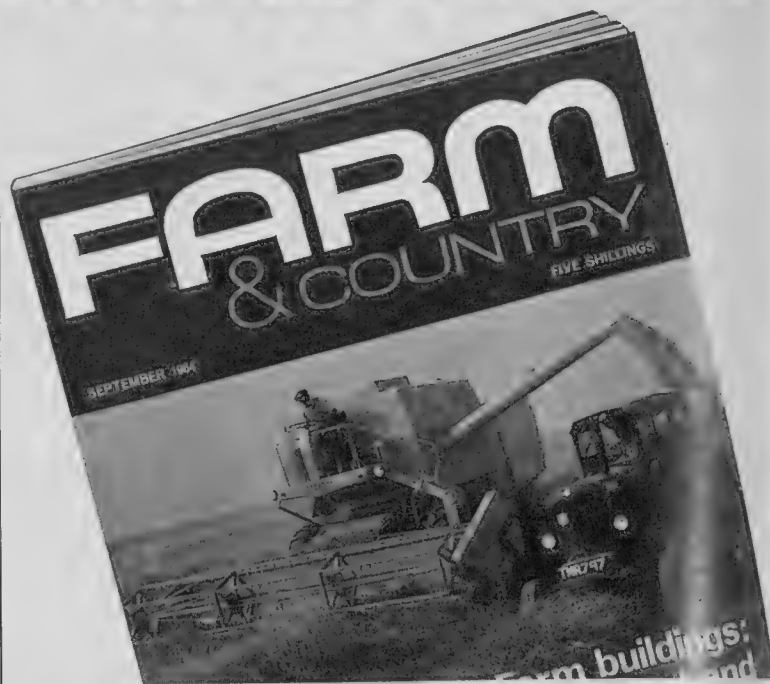
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THE NEW FARM & COUNTRY

Farm buildings, calf-rearing, and farmers of the future are among the lead features in the 86-page September issue of the new Farm & Country, now on sale. 'Buildings for stock and storage' are covered in a special four-page illustrated feature. 'General-purpose Building', brings a detailed description of an all-purpose structure, now in use near Aylesbury. Mr. R. N. Atkinson's specialist calf-rearing unit at Stondon Massey, Essex, is fully described.

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FARM & COUNTRY FOR THE FARMER WHO MEANS BUSINESS



Antalya's 15th century grooved minaret, under one of Turkey's 300 days of sunshine

Mountains, mosques and a deep green sea...

AND A SUN THAT SHINES FOR 300 DAYS A YEAR

The mountains are named Taurus. All through the long hot summer the peaks are covered in snow. In Antalya you can swim in the morning and ski in the afternoon. You can pick sweet oranges from the trees that line the streets and ripe watermelon that grows beyond the beaches. You can drive to Aspendos and picnic in a theatre built in the 2nd century. Or hire a fishing boat (less than £4 a day) and explore the rocky

coast with dry Turkish wines cooling over the side.

Turkey's Mediterranean coast is far in the imagination, near in miles—only 7 hours by Pan Am Jet to Istanbul. Two hours from there by air to Antalya.

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A MONTH OF THE TATLER

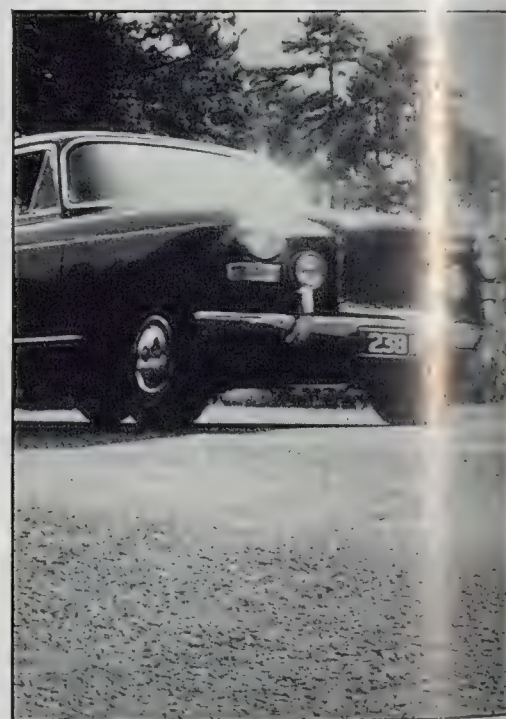
Presenting a preview of important features to be published in the Tatler over the next four weeks

Next week: a special 100-page issue contains the Tatler Book of Entertaining which sets out to solve all the problems endemic to party-giving. The colour section features elegant table settings devised by Angela Ince with recipes for town and country dining by Helen Burke. Pamela Vandyke Price lays down a wine cupboard, John Baker White selects cigars, Ilse Gray supplies details for the newest glassware, cutlery and table linen and American writer Emily Hahn contributes a witty and percipient article on My Kind of Party



7 October: the Tatler makes a pilgrimage to Japan in the year of the Tokio Olympics. In a colour-packed issue, Editor John Oliver writes a personal view of life in modern Japan; he calls it *A Man's World*. Photographer Don Kidman pictures the Japanese at work and play, his camera work covered the fantastic street festivals, the roof gardens, the Ginza by night, Tokyo's great fish-market, the bustling modern stores, the fabled temples, the new Olympic stadium and the village where the athletes of the world will stay

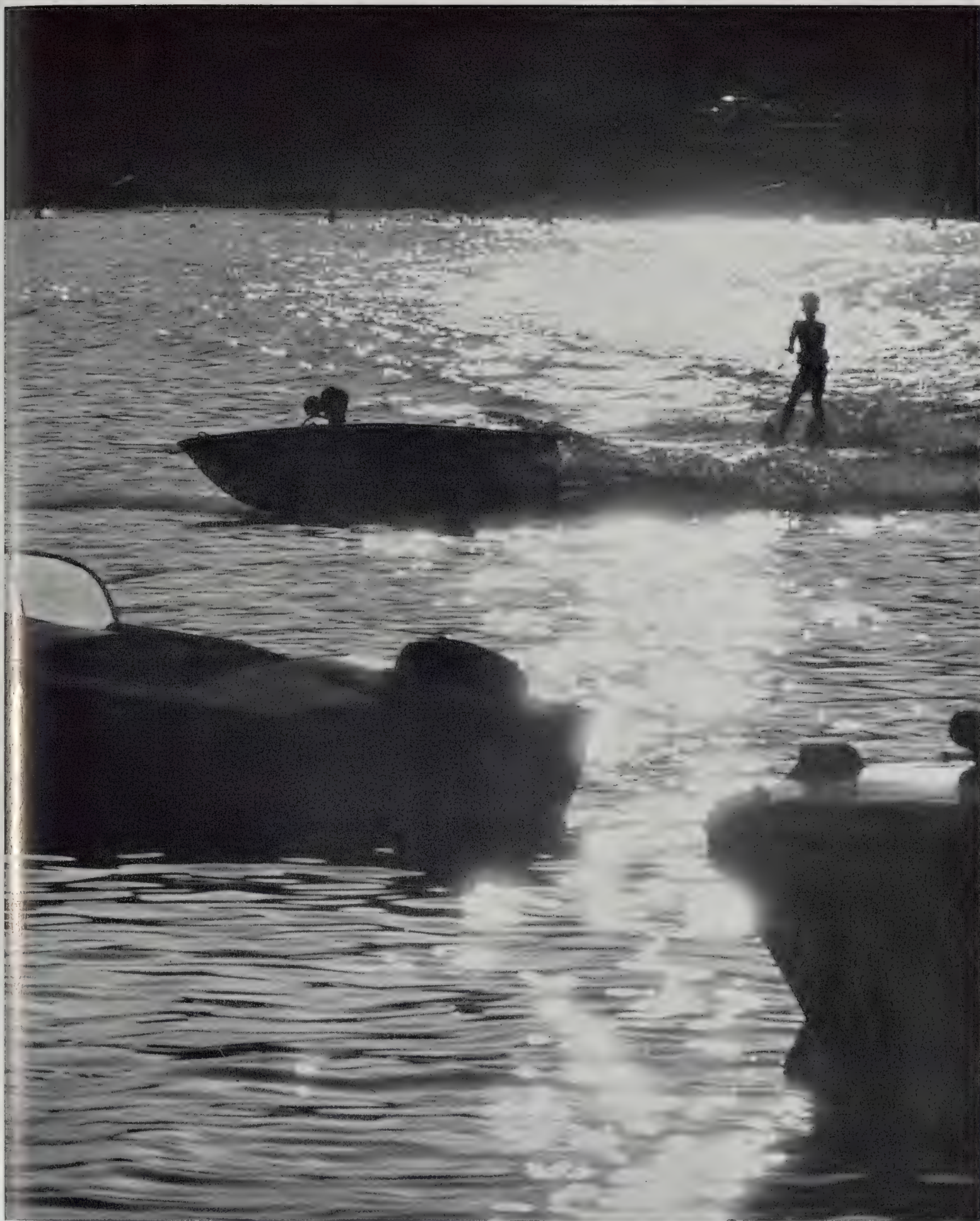
14 October: it's election week and by the end of it the country's political decision will have been taken. Appropriately we make a call in Westminster at that oasis of Georgian houses where many resident M.P.s are summoned by Division bells. Writer Mark Bence-Jones calls his feature *A Village of Hampdens*, Barry Swaebe took the picture below of Mr. John Hill, a Government Whip, with his wife and daughter. We take a chance too on forecasting the composition of the new Government—of either persuasion. Unity Barnes introduces a note of comfort with her selection of furs for winter



21 October: motoring correspondent Dudley Noble writes about the new cars at Earls Court in the annual Motor Show issue. The Tatler talks also to Alec Issigonis, the master-mind of the Minis, about his plans for the future. There's proof in pictures too that a good many of the new cars are designed with women in mind; Unity Barnes develops the theme further in her fashion section. Morris Newcombe took the picture above of BMC's new Princess R

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THE SUN IN SPAIN

is a happily predictable item. The rain, as is well known, stays mainly in the plains and does not afflict holidaymakers at places like S'Agaro on Spain's Costa Brava. There, Fionn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Toby O'Brien, was still out on his water skis as dusk descended on the resort. Muriel Bowen reports the holiday scene in S'Agaro on page 628. More sunshine pictures by Van Hallan overleaf

THE SUN IN SPAIN

1 Mrs. John Ransom, from Cambridge, and Mr. Russell Abrahams, who is reading law at Queens' College, Cambridge, are members of a team who run a water-ski school at S'Agaro. See Muriel Bowen's column

2 Man with a camera is Mr. Leonard Pearl, chairman of the new Westminster City Council

3 Mrs. Leonard Pearl with children David, Jane and Simon

4 Mr. and Mrs. T. J. A. Kingan with their son James at lunch on the terrace of the Hostal de La Gavina

5 Senor Jose Ensesa, the Spanish miller who built up the colony of S'Agaro, in the gardens of his villa there

6 Jean-Pierre Hall and Richard Osband, from Hampstead, at S'Agaro's bowling alley

7 Mr. and Mrs. John Ratter with their daughter Sally, from Brentwood, Essex. Mr. Ratter is a member of the British Railways Executive Board

8 Sisters Christina, Virginia, Yolanda and Sylvia Fabregas in the garden of their home at the Villa St. George

9 Senora Ines Fabregas, mother of the four sisters (*left*) is the widow of Spain's largest silk manufacturer. She continues to run her late husband's company





BOOM TIME IN SPAIN

BY MURIEL BOWEN

The man in the red overalls rode his bicycle out on to the runway at Barcelona Airport. The big jet stood by, waiting, as he deposited his bicycle on the tarmac. Then slowly and surely with a pair of those outsize table tennis bats that are the tools of his job, he guided the plane into position, taking care of course that it did not run over his bicycle. Then with a wave to the pilot he was on his bicycle again pedalling off to meet the next plane. This is Spain. It welcomes the jet age in a way that is marvellously its own. The man in the red overalls emphasized more than words could that Spain is an easy-going place. And no doubt it is these leisurely ways that have attracted something in excess of 800,000 British tourists this year.

From Barcelona I drove along the coast to S'Agaro, the fabled Costa Brava resort that attracts interesting people. KING HUSSEIN goes there, and it's a favourite spot for royalty, both present and ex. MRS. CLARE BOOTHE LUCE holidays there too and so do Mr. & Mrs. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Mr. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR II, and Mr. COLE PORTER. For years Mr. SELWYN LLOYD, M.P. (who had left the day before I arrived) has been trying to persuade the MARQUES DE SANTA CRUZ, the Spanish Ambassador in London, and his wife, that *they* should go there.

THE SENOR OF S'AGARO

Most fascinating man in S'Agaro is Senor JOSE ENSESA who created the resort. Now in his 70s he still explodes with ideas, and people half his age find difficulty in keeping up with him. Milling is his business—he's the Lord Rank of Spain—but architecture fascinates him and that's part of the secret in his development of S'Agaro. He discovered the place 40 years ago—an unnamed, unknown, barren strip of land fronting a vast, friendly, blue sea.

He began with a villa and built a resort in the Catalan style—patios with crescent-shaped openings to the sea; elegant chimney pots; white walls and orange roofs blending happily with the jagged rocky coast, the vivid blue of the sea, and the red earth. Senor Ensesa bought up the land so that when rich Spaniards came to S'Agaro to build villas he was able to refuse them building permission unless they conformed to his own architectural ideas. He makes no excuse for imposing his standards when buildings of multi-storied arrogance are rising as a backdrop to quiet coves all along the Spanish coast.

"What's needed is to have more ideals and less commercial spirit," he told me

over dinner. "We must build in a way that suits our own country, and not imitate the customs of those who visit us. As soon as Spain gets like their own countries they will lose interest. What is happening in St. Tropez is harmful to France; the Costa Brava imitation is still worse."

OCCUPATION FORCES

During my stay at S'Agaro the Hostal de la Gavina, focal point of the resort, was largely in British occupation. Mr. LEONARD PEARL, chairman of the new Westminster City Council, was there with Mrs. PEARL and their children, DAVID, JANE (who is taking a splendid ukulele back to Heathfield) and SIMON. Others staying included Mr. & Mrs. STANLEY BEHRENS; Mr. & Mrs. LAURENCE NEAL; Mr. & Mrs. BRIAN APPLEBY; Mr. & Mrs. LOUIS MAUTNER; Mr. & Mrs. REGINALD MARSTON; and Mr. & Mrs. TOBY O'BRIEN, who managed to compete more than favourably with the Spaniards in story telling after dinner!

Spanish-born PROFESSOR JOSEPH TRUETA, the famous Oxford orthopaedic surgeon, and a greatly loved figure in S'Agaro, stayed in a villa there until the number of people coming to seek his help became so great that he and his wife had to retreat to an unknown destination in the mountains. One of Mrs. Trueta's gifts to her family was the most beautiful beach towel she could find at Harrods. Tucked away in its folds, to the great amusement of the family, was a *Made in Spain* tag!

Just prior to my coming Senora TRUJILLO had been holidaying at the Hostal with a retinue that would be of more use to Professor Trueta—she had six detectives. Others who had been there included PRINCESS IRENE OF THE NETHERLANDS; Mr. JOHN MILLS & his daughter HAYLEY; Mr. JONATHAN AITKEN; LORD & LADY MONTEAGLE OF BRANDON; Mr. & Mrs. PETER SELLERS; Miss DIANA MACLEOD, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Iain Macleod; and ARCHDUKE FRANZ OF AUSTRIA.

A TIN FOR PESETAS

On the beach below the hotel members of the enterprising Cambridge University Water Ski Club with two beat-up looking little boats were hauling water skiers round the bay. The Club has run the local ski school for several years now, having obtained a concession from S'Agaro's local authority. Mr. RUSSELL ABRAHAMS, who is reading law at Queens', told me that he and his friends will be operating it again next year.

"The money we take in S'Agaro in the summer allows us to water ski for half-nothing in Cambridge for the rest of the year," Mrs. JOHN RANSON told me. We chatted in her "office," a plastic table propped precariously in the sand under a coloured umbrella. The tobacco tin used as a cash box was stuffed with 100 peseta notes and there was a queue of

happy customers waiting for more rides.

With four minutes on skis costing around 30s. I reckoned that the Cambridge University Water Ski Club can face the future with a secure financial base. Members of the Club and their friends take it in turns to go to S'Agaro for a couple of weeks and man the boats.

THE FLAMENCO BEAT

There was an invitation to a private bull fight, buffet supper and flamenco dancing from Senor PASCAL DE ZULUETA, owner of the bull ring at San Feliu. It was to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of a now famous ranch near Salamanca. It started on the stroke of the appointed time; bull fights are the only happenings in Spain that start on time. The sun struck the circular floor and a bull dashed in, took a good look, then successfully charged and cleared the 4 ft. 6 ins. surrounding fence. To the dismay of the British, who felt that this feat should be rewarded by pensioning-off, he was brought back and killed by our host, who then danced round the ring to great cheers, a bull ear in each hand. When a less exuberant bull came into the arena there was a call to the crowd for volunteers to taunt him with those magenta capes. A girl got her arm ripped open. But there were two noticeably skilful young men in the fray, TOM and DAVID BURNS who are at Stonyhurst. They are the sons of Mr. THOMAS F. BURNS, the publisher, and his Spanish-born wife.

The buffet supper started with a toast from Senor VILLALBI, Spain's Economic Minister, and then on to what was supposed to be flamenco dancing. To the enormous joy of the Spaniards this turned out to be a display by long haired young men in grey suits who were doing their damndest to out-beat the Beatles!

CASTLES IN SPAIN

Spain is the strangest mixture of ancient civilizations. It has Roman ruins to rival Italy's, there are Catholic churches with Moorish minarets and some 1,400 castles in which styles covering a half-dozen centuries are junked together. The Spaniards would like to sell us some of their castles. No doubt with an eye on current affluence they are using fashionable Mayfair estate agents. One, a jewel near Seville, set amid lakes and woods, is being offered by Knight Frank & Rutley. It has two chapels, a bull ring, and a shoot of pheasants and wild boar. There are also 18 bedrooms and six baths.

Lord Moyne's eldest son, the Hon. JONATHAN GUINNESS, has gone one better than buying a castle—he's bought a monastery. The monks have long since left and previous owners have all had a hand in turning it into what I'm told is a delightful house. It's 17th century, whitewashed and sits on cliffs overlooking the Mediterranean at Cadaques.

BRAZILIAN RECEPTION

Senhor Assis Chateaubriand came out of hospital for a special party given at the Mount Street home of the Brazilian Ambassador to celebrate his purchase of £70,000 worth of Hereford bloodstock. The owner of a £30 million press empire in Brazil is being treated at Stoke Mandeville hospital where he continues to write his daily newspaper column

- 1 Lord Thomson of Fleet with Senhor Assis Chateaubriand, who was Brazil's Ambassador to Britain from 1957 to 1961
- 2 Mrs. C. Parnell with Miss Alice Klausz
- 3 Senhora J. Maia; wife of a Brazilian diplomat
- 4 Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias
- 5 Sir Donald & Lady Gainer—he is a former chairman of the Anglo-Brazilian Society—with the Brazilian Ambassador Senhor Alvez de Souza
- 6 Mr. John Tickner, editor of *Farm & Country*, with Viscount Powerscourt, President of the Hereford Herd Book Society



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

THE JUMPING JUNIORS

The National Schools' jumping championships were held at Hickstead in Sussex; ten teams—three horses and riders—representing nine schools took part and the senior division was won by Lillesden School with Bedgebury Park second. In the junior section Ashford School came first, followed by Notre Dame High School

1 Linda Holden of the winning Lillesden School, on Heavensent

2 Mrs. Walter Salmon with Miss Sally Ellison, a member of the Bedgebury Park team, Hugh Ellison, Richard Fowlston and Mr. Walter Salmon

3 Rosemary Scott, of Ashford School, on Fussey

4 Sally Ellison on Imshi

5 Olivia Crook of Lillesden School on Thisbe

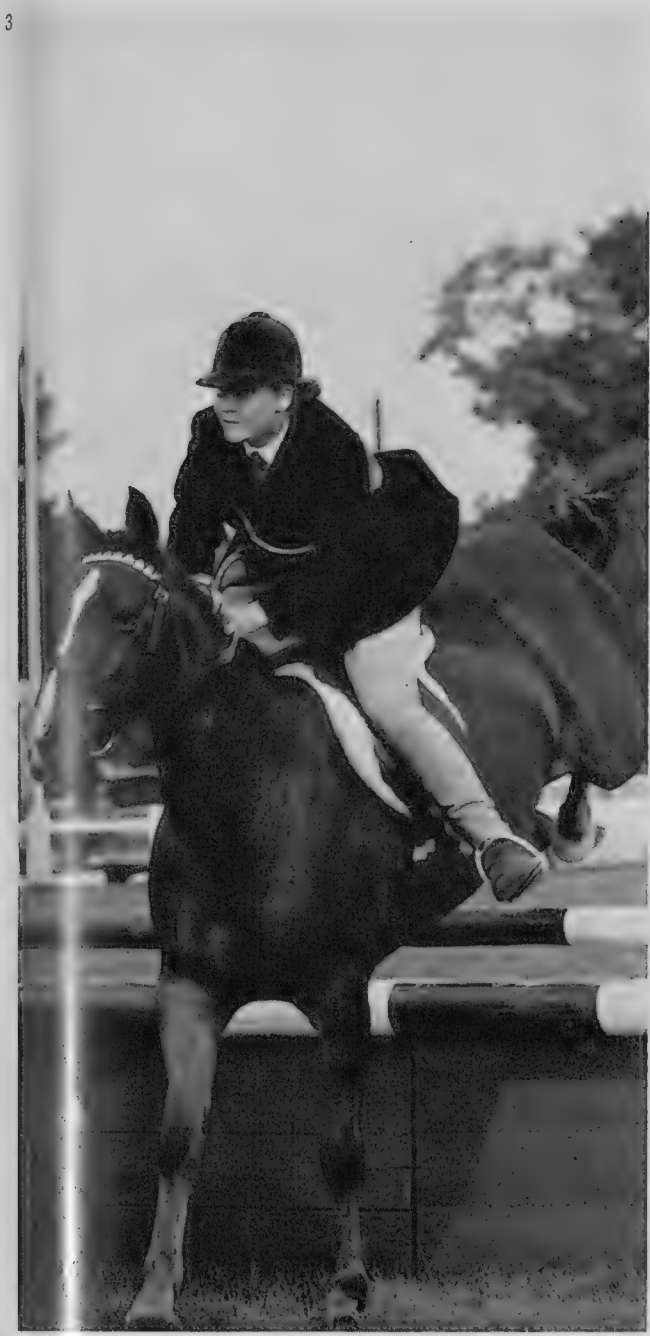
6 Col. & Mrs. W. W. Chard made a film of the event, in which their two nephews were competing

7 The Archdeacon of Lewes, the Ven. D. H. Booth, with his son Peter who was competing



2





PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

BY JESSIE PALMER

It is now that Deeside and neighbouring Donside come to life with a flourish. The Aboyne Games, the Braemar Games, the Aboyne Ball, the Donside Ball, various private dances and parties are all held in the same week. Life is briefly hectic in the north-east.

It was the 17th Donside Ball this year; parties came from as far as Buchan and Angus. Kilted pipers outside the Inverurie Town Hall played in the 300 guests, most of whom were also kilted or tartan-sashed. It is one of the main social events of the season in the north-east but there's a pleasantly informal atmosphere about this ball, traditionally held on the eve of the Aboyne Games. Informality begins with the arrival of guests accompanied by their supper baskets; the local Boy Scouts take charge of these and see them safely to the supper room. "We've always found this is the best way of coping with the food question," the chairman of the ball committee, Miss E. M. E. Berry, of Fetternear, Kemnay, told me.

GLAMOUR APPLIED AND INHERENT

Inverurie Town Hall has been newly re-decorated, so it was in sparkling trim; Mr. Michael Thomson, of Kinnellar House near Aberdeen, who usually designs the dance programmes, excelled himself this year with representations of the Clan crests of families associated with the ball, and flower arrangements largely in tones of pink, yellow and coral, gave an extra touch of glamour.

Not that the Donside Ball needs any extra glamour; the men in multi-coloured kilts, the women with tartan sashes across their evening gowns provide sufficient authentic Highland spectacle. This year hardly any of the dancers were without a touch of the tartan. When they crowded the floor for the kilted reel in which the men taking part must all be wearing the kilt, nearly every man present was eligible. This is too the occasion to see Scottish country dancing as it should be danced.

THE GHOST CAME TOO

Among the guests were quite a number of this year's Deeside and Donside debs, among them Miss Mary Gordon, Miss Alison Forbes and Miss Joanna Hay whose mothers, Mrs. David Gordon of Haddo, Lady Forbes of Newe and Mrs. James Hay, recently shared a coming-out dance for them at Haddo House. Mrs. David Gordon is a patroness of the ball and her husband, Major David Gordon, sent their large party ahead of them. They themselves came on to the ball after the Haddo House nightly performance of *Hamlet* in which Major Gordon plays the Ghost of Hamlet's father.

The Marquess of Huntly brought his daughter, Lady Lemina Gordon and a small group from Aboyne Castle; other parties were brought by Mrs. Burges-

Lumsden of Pitcaple Castle, secretary of the Ball committee, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Melville, of Kirkton and Mrs. Farquharson of Whitehouse.

THE GORDONS GATHER

The day before the Aboyne Games also saw about 80 Gordons from many parts of the world gathered at Esselmont House, near Ellon, the home of Captain and Mrs. Robert Wolrige-Gordon, for the House of Gordon Gathering. They were received by the Head of the House, the Marquess of Huntly, at whose home at Aboyne previous gatherings have been held since the Association of the House of Gordon was formed four years ago. From now on the annual gatherings will probably move around the homes of leading members of the House. "We felt that Commonwealth and American members—and the gathering is largely made up of them—would probably find it more interesting to visit different homes," Captain Wolrige-Gordon, this year's host, told me.

WORLD-WIDE BRANCHES

Next year the gathering is likely to be at Denmore, the home of Major Tom Adam. Captain Wolrige-Gordon, who is head of the Gordons of Hallhead and Esselmont, explained why the Gordons call themselves a House rather than the more usual Clan: "The Gordons never came under the Clan system as such," he said. "They were always a much more loosely knit organization. When they moved up to Aberdeenshire after Bannockburn it was already a very civilized area and the Clan system, which is after all a system of government, could not have applied. It wasn't possible for one man to get his personal hold over all the members." His own sept of the House, he tells me, has been independent since some time in the 14th century.

SOAKED BUT NOT DAMPENED

The weather was not too good for the Aboyne and Braemar Games but though most of the spectators at Aboyne must have been pretty thoroughly soaked, that didn't dampen the spirits of the youngsters—and others—who attended the End of the Day Dance after the Games. This private subscription dance is for 14-year-olds and onwards and the proceeds go to various charities. It was started many years ago by Mrs. R. Stuart-Hamilton and her late husband. At first it was a sort of picnic dance held in the small village hall of Inchmarlow, but over the years it has grown considerably and now it is held in the Banchory Town Hall. A disappointment at this year's dance was Mrs. Stuart-Hamilton's absence. She spent the night of the dance in hospital with a broken leg. But Mrs. M. Crichton, of Banchory, came to the rescue and coped with the organizing of the dance in her place and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

It was Charles Dickens who called Guildford handsome, but that was a century back and there have been some pretty profound changes since then. The novelist would approve most of them since the town has preserved its ancient individuality while pushing ahead with a bustling and adventurous development programme



Abbot's Hospital

FORTY years back Guildford was a quiet country town, then new roads and fast trains brought it within easy reach of London and it became part of the stockbroker belt. Industry moved out there and new estates grew up overnight. The big departmental and chain stores watched Guildford getting richer and swooped on the High Street. There were fortunes to be made behind the Georgian bow windows, and even more money if you could make the windows bigger. Gradually the look of the street has changed: the cobbles are still there but Woolworths has swallowed up the last of the posting inns. There are bras and pants in the best bow window left, and the last survivor of the old world—the cattle market—moved to the outskirts this month.

Yet today Guildford is probably more alive and flourishing than it has ever been. The town has always been the centre of life in Surrey; it was an old trading centre before history began and could never have stood still and become a museum town. What's happening now is the creation of a new Guildford which in five years could become the most humming, wealthy and exciting university town in England.

It is already a rich town. Where else in England could three public appeals for a total of £650,000 be launched at the same time, and hope to succeed? On the banks of the Wey at the bottom of the High Street the new Yvonne Arnaud Theatre is already half-way up. They asked for £200,000 and need only another £30,000. St. Luke's Hospital is asking for £150,000 to buy a betatron unit designed to destroy cancer cells. It will be the first one in the country, but they still need over £100,000. And at the same time the cathedral, as always, is asking for more money. It sits on the hill like a bird without wings waiting for its transepts to be built, wanting £300,000 and eight bells.

All this wealth has made Guildford's the most prosperous High Street of its size in England. Every week over £250,000 is spent, and on Saturday morning when the cars pour in from all over Surrey, it is as busy as Oxford Street, which makes it just about the most packed shopping

Anatomy of a handsome town

Writer PETER CARVELL and photographer RICHARD SWAYNE present the theme of Guildford reborn



thoroughfare outside London. The chain stores and big names dominate, leaving room for a few local men and the occasional tea shoppe to break the familiarity. But with prime positions costing around £4,000 a foot frontage the individual retailer cannot last long. Just off the High Street the atmosphere is more relaxed; in parallel North Street market stalls line the pavement, and the lanes still have room for places like the Dolls' Hospital.

It's also a young town. Open Triumphs roar over the cobbles; *au pair* girls join the All-Nations club and wear their skirts just a little tighter than the home products; teenagers squeeze into Boxers for coffee or the Bull's Head for beer. Around Chapel and Quarry Streets, the Chelsea of Guildford, jeans replace skirts, and in the Georgian houses you'll find the art materials and bookshops, boutiques and potteries. While the young men around town pop into Les Leston's car accessory shop, their girls try on the latest rave gear in the Trend boutique. On Friday night the town's jumping and the hostess's main worry is keeping out the crowds of gate-crashers practising locally before breaking into the Mayfair circuit. And every night the lovers circle up to the top floor of the car park to watch the lights of Guildford go out, snug in the warmth of father's car.

This new triffid of a car park is the latest attempt to solve the town's traffic problems. Even when Georgian gamblers came down from London for a weekend's racing at the Guildford racecourse on the Downs in 1773 they complained "there's devilish little space for a gentleman's carriage." The old London to Portsmouth coachman putting his brakes hard on down the old High Street used to grumble that "the roads are too crowded and there'll be an accident here soon." The Roadhouse Set in the '30s, shrieking down the A.3 in their open Lagondas, were apt to prove him right, and so a bypass was built around Guildford. Very soon that bypass will be just a main road running through the centre, and the Council were so shaken by the Buchanan Report that they've retained the Professor himself to advise them on their future traffic.

The problem is that Guildford is changing so fast. In the last 15 years it's stopped being a county town and become a commercial and shopping centre. It's also become a religious centre with the cathedral growing and 100,000 pilgrims a year pouring into town. And it's becoming a cultural centre. The new theatre will be as professional and as serious as London's West End. It will be run by Laurie Lister and aims not only to bring the people in from all over Surrey but from London as well. As Mr. Lister says: "If it only takes 35 minutes from Guildford to London, it takes the same coming the other way." The Guildford Philharmonic is in full flight and the new concert hall with its 1,000 seats is packed every performance. At Guildford House the gallery holds over a dozen art exhibitions a year, and last year 167 meetings were held there by local



Above: the Dean of Guildford, the Rt. Rev. George Clarkson, hopes to see the cathedral completed in May 1965. The building is very light, clean-looking and comfortable. Opposite page: Thomas Thorp's Bookshop was established in 1883 in Reading, and the Guildford branch opened in 1906. Mr. Hugh Thorp and his assistant, Mr. Roy Coomber, travel abroad to collect volumes to add to their two million books.

societies, ranging from pond-keeping to food reform, winemaking to parachute jumping, deep-sea angling to goat-keeping. 258 clubs flourish in the town and that figure excludes the commercial and political groups.

When it is ready, Guildford will become a university town. Mr. Leslie, the deputy Town Clerk explained: "The university will cost a bit over £14 million and will make Guildford half as big again. Only 5,000 students, but we reckon that means another 20,000 people in all, added to our present 50,000. And it means a change of amenities here—more bookshops, more cafés and pubs, more accommodation—and more traffic. When we've solved these problems Battersea College will be given university status and move out here as Surrey University. The site will be on the other side of the bypass."

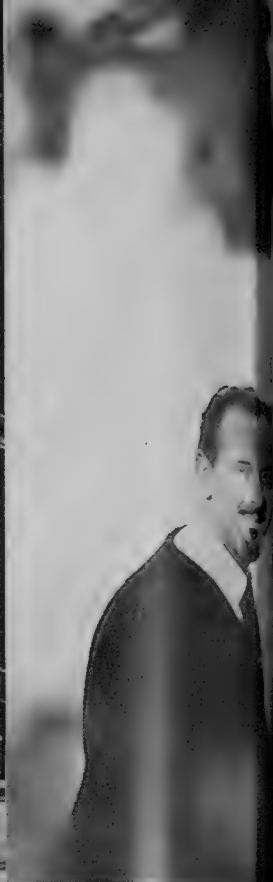
But that isn't the only problem. Many firms want to set up headquarters in Guildford and aren't prepared to wait like Battersea. The Costain Group applied to build a 200 foot office block in the station forecourt. For six days last March the argument went on around the conference table. Costain said they were only obeying the Government's request to move offices out of London. British Railways pointed out that using their land for development was the best way to make a profit. The council asked for a little time to draw up

an overall plan. Each side was right. The final decision now rests with the Ministry.

Guildford today is an exciting place. It is fighting to preserve an individuality of its own. There was a danger 10 years ago of it becoming just another dormitory town, but those days are passing. Only one in ten commute to London, fighting their way on to the 8.09 or strolling leisurely into the 9.09. There was a danger it would become a backwater of tea shoppes and retired people, but now the town smells young and will soon be even younger when the university arrives. There was a danger it would be just another part of suburbia, but the country still begins at Guildford, and thanks to the Green Belt the little villages are still around, the villages of old England.

Shere, Shamley Green, Albury, Compton, Womersley and Shalford. It's a world of pinewoods and cricket greens, narrow lanes and huge parks, country houses and village inns. Time means nothing; sheep munch on rolling meadows, huge beech trees fan out to the tall grass, churches are plopped in the middle of forests and strange chimneys spiral to the sky.

In the middle of this life is Guildford. It has lost the Assizes but gained a cathedral. It has lost its country charm but won a university. No Dickens of the 1960's is going to call it handsome, but it's infinitely more exciting.



Above: Tod Handley conducts the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra in its 20 concerts a year. He also trains the three local choirs—the Festival of 140 voices, the Philharmonic of 35 and the Proteus of 80—runs the Concertgoers' Association and co-ordinates the town's other musical activities. Despite all these, Mr. Handley admits to playing the double bass, violin and trumpet "excruciatingly badly"

Top: Wilfred Blunt, 20 years Drawing Master at Eton, is now curator of the Watts Gallery. Painter, singer, gardener, broadcaster as well as author, his best-seller is *The Art of Botanical Illustration*, and he is currently writing a book about poppies. He recently created a television controversy by announcing his hearty approval of artificial flowers and has a bowl of plastic blooms outside his front door!

Above: Tony Magnin and his wife June took over The Withies three years ago and have turned this country inn into the smartest eating house in the Guildford area. Mr. Magnin is an ex-owner of the Palace Hotel in Nice and a Chevalier du Tastevin. His wine list is correspondingly impressive. Clients can drink champagne out of solid silver goblets for the asking

Top: Paul Getty lives in Sutton Place, which he bought from the Sutherland family. A statue of Mercury points to the Tudor mansion that Getty has equipped with closed-circuit television and enriched with a magnificent art collection. The public are admitted eight days out of every year, but he prefers to enjoy the house alone with his guests and large staff of servants

Above: Jack Penycate is Editor of the *Surrey Advertiser*, which is 100 years old. "I don't know of any other town that has as much as Guildford," he says. "Now it will be a university town. It's growing so fast it must change, and not all for the good. I regard the new car park as a bad surrender to commercialism but, if people take the trouble, they'll find they live in a fascinating town"



Top: Ron Smoothie lives in a Tudor cottage at the point where the Pilgrims' Way crosses the river Wey. He teaches art at the Grammar School, takes evening classes and helps run the Art Society which holds two exhibitions a year. "Sometimes the atmosphere in the evening classes is frightening, it's so powerful. I'd like to see the town start its own collection in a good gallery"


Above: Barry Nicklin's family has been in Guildford for 200 years and this year he is Mayor. He hopes to see the theatre finished and a satisfactory plan finalized for the bottom of High Street during his tenure. Geoffrey Swayne (right) was Mayor for the last two years and is still on more than a dozen civic and commercial committees. His is the oldest family in Guildford, dating back to 1692

Top: Major John Mostyn is Master at the Abbot Hospital. Every morning he takes the service in the chapel, which dates back to 1621. The hospital was founded by Archbishop Abbot in 1619 and its charter offered a home to twelve brothers and twelve sisters who were single, of good character and over 60 years old. The average age now is 76

Above: Robert (Bobby) Bell, a leader of the younger set, with his Lotus Seven. In 14 races this season he has had 8 wins and 11 awards. After going to Guildford Technical College he worked as a mechanic, and hopes soon to start his own garage. He belongs to an old Guildford family, his father being a consultant physician there. His French wife, Aline, came to Guildford as an *au pair* girl, and his sister is married to a Frenchman, Jean-Pierre, Vicomte de Baritault du Carpia

Top: John Coombs runs two businesses in Guildford, a group of garages and a racing stable. Coombs used to race himself until 1957 and won three races at Mallory Park in the last meeting he entered. As the leading young local tycoon, he divides his time between London and Guildford, but feels that the atmosphere of a country market town has been lost. "Somehow Guildford is getting the dormitory town feeling" he says

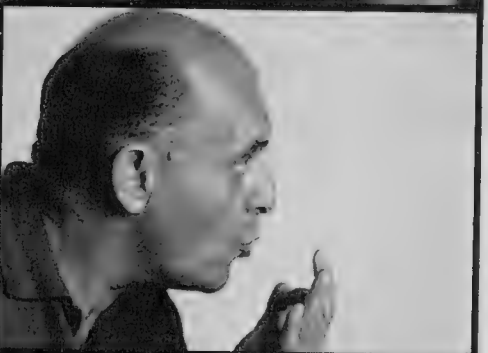




The onion domes of Abbot's Hospital, founded in 1619, and the tower of the Church of the Holy Trinity, a Norman building, destroyed in 1740 and re-erected in Georgian style between 1749 and 1763, are both eclipsed by the monolith monster of a multi-storey car park, aggressively a product of the '60s. To the extreme left of the picture a new departmental store is under construction at the junction of North Street and High Street



RING ROUND THE ACTION



The moods of Mr. Georg Solti, musical director of Covent Garden rehearsing his first complete cycle of *The Ring* for London

Two projects of epic proportion have been concurrently shaking the Royal Opera House during the last months of summer. One, the mounting of a new production of Wagner's mammoth *Ring* cycle; the other, extensive structural alterations to the theatre itself. Words, J. Roger Baker: Photographs, Anthony Crickmay

Strange colleagues—Valkyries and builders, Nibelungs and electricians. But relationships were generally uncomplicated, perhaps a little fraught at times. It must have seemed slightly unjust to the builder who was told to stop banging during rehearsal and who then found that his particular hammering was replaced by eighteen men hitting tuned anvils under the stage. As rehearsals became more graphic with the addition of costumes and lighting, the opera house staff found themselves waylaid in corridors by cleaners demanding an instant synopsis of *Das Rheingold*.

This year's *Ring* cycles are a landmark in London's postwar operatic history: only Callas has inspired the public to a greater rush on tickets. For one thing it is the realization of a promise made at the time Georg Solti became Musical Director in 1961: that the work would be remounted. It is also the first time he has conducted a whole cycle in London. The event is crucial to Covent Garden's world reputation as well, because for the first time members of the company will sing the complete roles of Wotan and Brünnhilde.

Any designer and producer tackling a new production have to take a decisive course. At Bayreuth, Wagner's grandson Wieland opted, in post-war productions, for doing away completely with realism, relying on simple representational sets and imaginative lighting. This at once elevated the music to supreme position and avoided any muddled or amusing effects. At Covent Garden Hans Hotter is taking a more modified approach. Hotter is the greatest Wotan of his generation (and is currently singing the part in the second cycle) and has had vast experience of many differing *Ring* productions in which he has appeared. Sets and costumes are by the young Vienna State Opera designer Hans Schneider-Siemssen, who is interested in reflecting the metaphysical aspects of a work in his sets. His first work for Covent Garden was for the highly metaphysical monodrama *Erwartung* in which moving draperies and a succession of back projections reflected the heroine's mental state.

Scenically *The Ring* makes extraordinary demands, ranging from fire-encircled peaks to the depths of the Rhine with lovely ladies swimming and singing. Wagner's own stage directions are detailed and complex; he visualized a vast, romantic canvas with giants and dragons, cinematic transformations from darkness to light, woodlands and caverns and roaring rivers. Productions in his own lifetime must have been far removed from his ideal concept, and when *The Ring* first hit London, at Her Majesty's in 1882, directed by Angelo Newmann (to whom Wagner gave sole rights of performance) and conducted by Anton Seidl (who Wagner considered the best interpreter of his music) there were, it seems, plenty of visual giggles. Fricka's rams were "too plainly of the toyshop breed," and in the ride of the Valkyries, "little wooden hobby

horses were dragged across the back of the stage." The swimming Rhinemaidens were "suspended in elaborate bandages" and the dragon sang through a speaking trumpet. At the end of *Götterdämmerung* Brünnhilde mounts her horse Grane and leaps in to the flames: a romantic and sweeping concept. The *Standard* of 1882 describes how this was done: "she leads the horse quietly from the stage, no doubt to the great relief of the animal . . . a figure representing Brünnhilde is dragged on a large wooden horse behind the funeral pile and the curtain is finally drawn after much red fire has been burnt." *The Ring* contains other minor, but relevant, details too, the absence of which avid Wagnerians will pounce upon like a hospital matron who sees a bedcover slightly awry: Wotan has one eye; the three Norns weave the rope of life; Brünnhilde is covered with her shield when she sleeps; ravens appear at the moment of Siegfried's death.

The basis of the new designs is a huge physical ring, slightly smaller in diameter than the stage. "For a long time I was thinking about a scenic *leitmotif* for *The Ring*," he told me. "I wanted something that would serve several functions, be in itself symbolic yet be suitable for a variety of scenic variations. I tried this ring idea in Bremen some years ago, but at Covent Garden it is much bigger and offers greater possibilities."

By the use of four hydraulic lifts the ring can be raised, lowered and tilted in any direction. It is not always immediately visible, as the centre can be filled in and more scenery built round the circumference. On one or two occasions—notably at the end of the second act of *Die Walküre* and in the final cataclysm, the ring is moved in full view of the audience. Sometimes it is raised and tilted away from the audience giving a cavern-like effect to the front stage (this in *Siegfried* and *Rheingold*); sometimes it is tilted sideways with jagged peaks thrusting through the centre so that the effect is of the rings of a planet. "It is a cosmic circle to enclose the events," commented the designer.

Another important feature of the design is an extensive use of projections which allow clouds to sweep across the cyclo-rama sky, Valhalla to appear across its rainbow bridge and shafts of light to crown Wotan's head. Here, of course, the theatre's new lighting system is a tremendous ally. Strand Electric dismantled the old apparatus and carried out most of the re-wiring in ten weeks. The new system is now the most up-to-date in the world and of great complexity. There is a new control board at the rear of the auditorium in the grand tier with a good view of the stage through a soundproof window. There are new lighting positions in the walls and ceiling of the reconstructed gallery: more sidelights have been put round the curve of the balcony and a new position has been found for follow spots behind the rear of the dome ceiling. All these fresh apertures are hidden behind false walls which cover

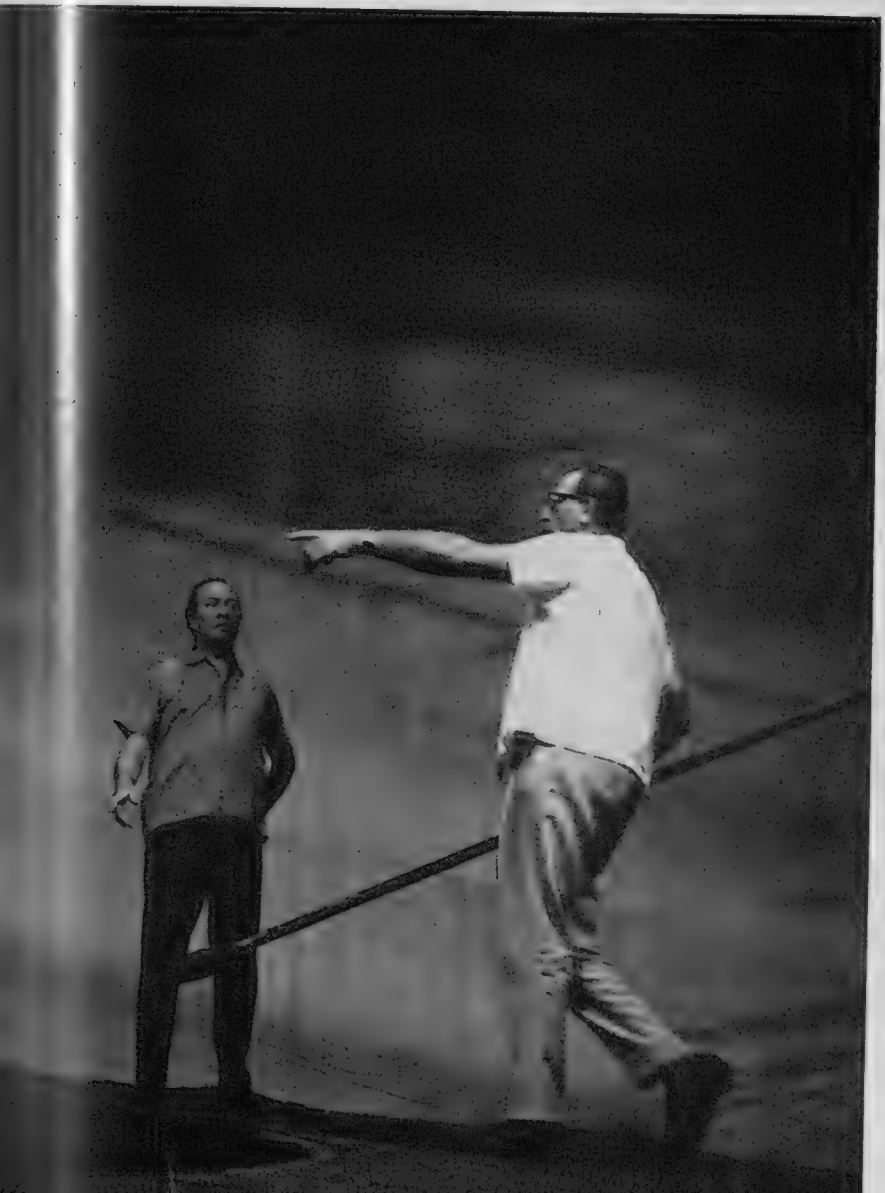
when the house lights go up for intervals. This means that all existing productions in the repertory at Covent Garden will have to be re-lit for the approaching season. It is now expected that one will have to bring sunglasses to witness the final scene of *Fidelio*, but the greatest improvements will be for the ballets, where follow spots are continually in use.

Though Hans Hotter has taken part in innumerable *Ring* productions, both of the conventional and neo-Bayreuth varieties, his approach to this new cycle is less derivative than one might expect. "There is an impulse to start again," he told me, "because of the new designs. The designer's conception asks a lot and presents many technical problems. We are, incidentally, very grateful to Covent Garden for giving us the opportunity to do this; this is not flattery, but the teamwork and co-operation here is extremely good. When the ring is in position on the stage no other production can be mounted—they have given us much time and encouragement."

On the basic question of Wagnerian production, Mr. Hotter's theory is straightforward: "You can't ban realism altogether," he insists, "especially in Wagner. But modern taste demands certain modifications otherwise it could become ridiculous. There is a tendency to be afraid of the emotions, but this is music which is highly emotional. I want to try and show the emotions within the limits of modern taste by attempting to apply a traditional mind to what Wagner wanted. He would, I feel, be very pleased with modern techniques especially in the field of lighting. Had he been writing today he would probably have changed a lot in his stage directions. The idea of three beautiful girls swimming and singing, suspended in water has always been impossible—we can try to present the illusion."

And finally he had a word about acting: "I try to bring out the natural spirit in a singer, well as much as possible within this framework of gods and heroes. I start from the music—not by making people move on a certain beat, that's the old-fashioned way, the pulse of the music gives the clue. There is, I feel, a relation between operatic acting and the ballet. Some opera producer could well explore this sometime."

Left column going downwards: Amy Shuard, who sings Brünnhilde for the first time throughout the second cycle, rehearses with Mr. Solti. William Bundy, the opera house's technical director. Hans Hotter, with spear, rehearses David Ward, the Wotan. *Right hand column:* backstage, 18 members of the musical staff with their anvils for sound effects in the Nibelungen mines. Günther Schneider-Siemssen the designer, in the wardrobe, and finally, boots for the giants Fafner and Fasolt, not as heavy as they look, being covered with foam rubber





THE TEAM BEHIND THE OLYMPIC TEAM

years ago and I've flown out there twice already to do some ground-work," he told me at the Association's Mount Street offices in London. "The language will be our biggest problem—understanding Japanese signs and methods of numbering is completely beyond most Europeans but I've conscripted some British residents in Tokyo to go around with our people during the Games. They'll be a great help and I'm hoping to get a few more of them."

All the equipment needed by the British team from 5.5 metre yachts to ammunition for the shooting events had to be gathered together and shipped to Japan last month. Fodder for the show-jumpers and three-day event horses is another item on "quartermaster" Duncan's list. But probably his most difficult job was outfitting the team—16 different items of clothing for the men and 20 items for the women, who would not be all together until the eve of departure, left no time for mistakes in fitting.

Says Mr. Duncan: "Our team uniforms must be simple and good fashion but, and this is essential, they must stand out *en masse* at a distance when we parade as a team with the other competitors. Our people looked good at Rome, and at Innsbruck last winter, and we intend to keep it up."

Sandy Duncan's cajoling and contacts with clothing firms produces most items of the team outfits free or at cost, leaving air travel as the most expensive item of the 1964 Games. Team and officials are due to leave London starting this weekend by two or three special BOAC flights direct to Japan. "This may seem early, Mr. Duncan told me, "but it will take at least 10 days for our athletes to overcome the mental and physical effect of the 7-hour time difference between London and Tokyo and be back on top form for the opening of the Games on 10 October."

The Government's recent first-ever grant of £20,000 is not large compared with the aid lavished by some nations but so far no British competitor has been unable to take part in the Games solely because of lack of money.

The man at the British Olympic Association responsible for getting the £150,000 needed this time is Mr Richard Hinks, the appeals secretary, who has worked with Sandy Duncan since 1951. "The first thing we did when we had worked out the approximate cost of competing at Tokyo was to have discussions with the governing bodies of the various Olympic sports in this country and agree what their contribution should be. Some sports are much wealthier than others so we assessed them accordingly. We are

Sending Britain's team of 300 athletes to Tokyo for the 1964 Olympic Games next month is as difficult and expensive a job as any tackled by the British Olympic Association since its formation nearly 60 years ago.

"Melbourne in 1956 cost nearly £150,000 but then there was no language problem—for Tokyo I've even had to invent a special bilingual phrase book for our team," said the Association's general secretary Mr. Sandy Duncan, former Oxford University Athletic Club president and double blue who will finally take over as Chef-de-Mission of the British Olympic team.

"We started working for Tokyo two



Above: the Marquess of Exeter, chairman of the British Olympic Association Executive Committee, photographed at his home, Burghley House, Stamford. *Left:* Mr. A. G. "Sandy" Duncan, the general secretary, at his Mount Street office. *Below left:* Mr. G. Hinks, the appeals secretary



**Words and pictures
by Desmond O'Neill**



Opposite page: members of the British Olympic Association's finance and general purposes committee. *From left:* Mr. J. Emrys Lloyd, O.B.E., the honorary legal adviser, Lord Rupert Nevill, vice-chairman of the B.O.A. Council, Mr. E. H. L. Clynes, O.B.E. (*front*), honorary secretary of the A.A.A., Lieut.-Col. J. Innes (*back*), joint hon. treasurer of the B.O.A., Mr. C. L. De Beaumont, deputy chairman of the Council, Mr. J. Henderson, president of the Scottish A.B.A., Mr. Jack Beresford, C.B.E., winner of five Olympic medals for sculling, including three gold medals, Alderman H. E. Fern (*front*), chairman of the finance and general purposes committee of the B.O.A., and joint hon. treasurer, hon. secretary of the Amateur Swimming Association, Mr. R. P. Itter, secretary of the British Cycling Federation

getting useful support from many sports like lawn tennis and rugby football, even though they are not eligible for the Olympics," said Mr. Hinks.

The second and perhaps the most difficult stage of the Appeal was getting it over to the public by means of the recently launched "Trip to Tokyo" contest. Details were printed some 80 million times in provincial papers and magazines, the idea being to give everyone a chance of feeling that they could help, even in a modest way, to send the British Team to the Games. Also committees all over the country organized fund-raising and other functions—one of the biggest and most successful was the Olympic Ball in London on 9 July.

"The third and last stage of the Appeal began as early as last April," said Mr. Hinks. "It was then we sent out letters to commercial and industrial firms asking for their support."

And now, with the money in and the Olympic team on the eve of departure, Sandy Duncan and his staff are already at work on their plans for the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico.

OLYMPIC FOOTNOTE. *On 7 October the Tatler will publish a special issue entirely devoted to Japan, including news and pictures from the Olympic Village. Details on page 622.*



Left: plum wool polo sweater and double-weight skirt are topped by a deeply-ribbed cardigan mingling plum, cherry and white. By Dobett, 17½ gns. at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus. Cherry felt helmet, 6 gns. at Herbert Johnson

Right: cuddly angora, wool and nylon sweater-suit knitted up tweedily in spice and beige is banded and cuffed with fine ribbing. By Lepoutre-Agnelène, 24 gns. at Fiona, 6 Henrietta Place, W.1

Fashion by Unity Barnes

THICK & THIN...

plain or
patterned . . .
sleekly smooth
or deeply
textured . . .
closely linked
with skirts
or trousers
. . . these
are just some
of the new
ways to wear
sweaters.

Photographs
by Barry Lategan





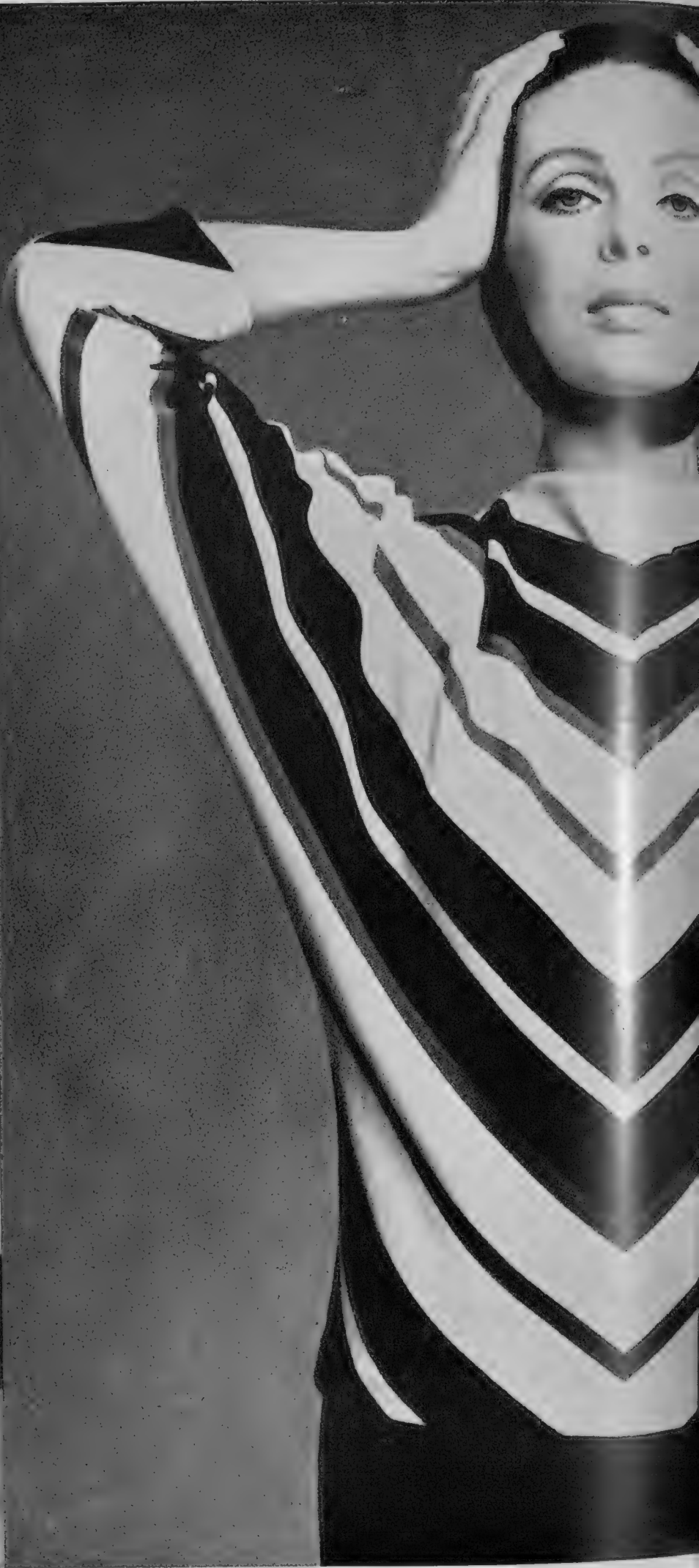
Left: inky chenille is crocheted around the jacket of a loosely-knit cardigan suit from Italy in mustard bouclé mohair. 26 gns. at Harvey Nichols. The chenille skull cap is crocheted to order, from £1 15s. at Herbert Johnson


Right: Chanel-inspired suit in raw silk and wool that blends olive and curry colours.

The stripy edging and short-sleeved sweater are in curry silk.

By Braemar, £25 19s. 6d. at Scotch House. All the jewellery is by Adrien Mann at Dickins & Jones







Far Left: stripes dead centre, in black and white, on a flannel-grey Shetland sweater. By John Laing, 4 gns. at Woollands 21 Shop; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth

Left: stripes on the up-and-up in partridge and black on a batwing sweater in white wool; jet jersey trousers. By Rima, sweater, 10 gns., pants, 9 gns. at Miss Pat Boutique, Church Street, Kensington. Black crochet bonnet buttons under the chin, from £1 15s. at Herbert Johnson

Right: stripes high and low, in dove grey and white, on a charcoal Orlon polo sweater. By Morley, £2 19s. 6d. at the Army & Navy Stores



Far right:
geometric shapes
are graded from
granite to ash-grey
on a warm, two-ply
cashmere sweater
by Pringle,
£12 19s. 6d. at
W. Bill,
South Molton Street

Right: zig-zags of
vivid lime green
are doodled
abstractedly over a
Pacific blue cashmere
sweater, which has
a skirt in the same
blue. By Lyle & Scott,
sweater, 11 gns.
skirt, £7 12s. 6d. at
Marshall & Snelgrove

Left: squiggles of
pepper and grey
are daubed on a long,
willowy sweater in
white wool, from
France. By Korrigan,
9 gns. at
Nicholas Boutique,
Candotti Street





CONSERVATIVE

TRADITION

Manifesto: the aim is to combine well-tried materials, traditional workmanship and forward-thinking design. *Examples* (alongside): Wallpaper printed from original William Morris blocks, 194s., from Sanderson's. Porcelaine d'Auteuil peppermill decorated with a bunch of asparagus, £5 0s. 6d., General Trading Company. Bright red lacquer letter-rack, 37s. 6d. from Lord Roberts Works, Brompton Road. Also available there are lacquer trays in thirty good colours and four sizes, from 27s. 6d. to 35s. 6d.; Scottish pottery jug, six-pint size, £1 2s. 6d. from Potluck, 7 Pierrepont Arcade, Islington. Oval copper fry-pan, £2 11s. 6d., Heal's. Black basalt coffee pot, 77s. 6d., Wedgwood. A matching sugar dish, 29s. 6d. and cream jug, 25s. 6d., are also available. Sharply squared Finnish decanter, £3 10s., General Trading Company. Casserole, earth coloured, fruit embossed, by Royal Worcester, 90s., Selfridges. Behind the casserole, strictly straightforward tumbler, 13s. 6d., Heal's. Cup and saucer with stiff rows of flowers, from a tea set by Rosenthal, £18 9s. 4d. complete, at Heal's. French pottery sugar crock, £3 17s. 6d., General Trading Company.

LIBERAL

HELPINGS

Manifesto: the aim is to buy in bulk and save money. *Examples:* John Dron, Ltd. 22 years ago started buying in bulk and supplying schools and large firms. Now a large part of their business comes from personal recommended this service to the general public, and now a large part of their business comes from personal recommendation. The goods they supply (delivered to your door) range from soap to headed writing paper, from detergent to bed linen. They are fussy about the quality of their goods—their blankets, for instance, are tested for shrink resistance and colour fastness, their children's nightwear is available only in non-



COUNTERSPY
BY ANGELA INCE

ADVERTISING

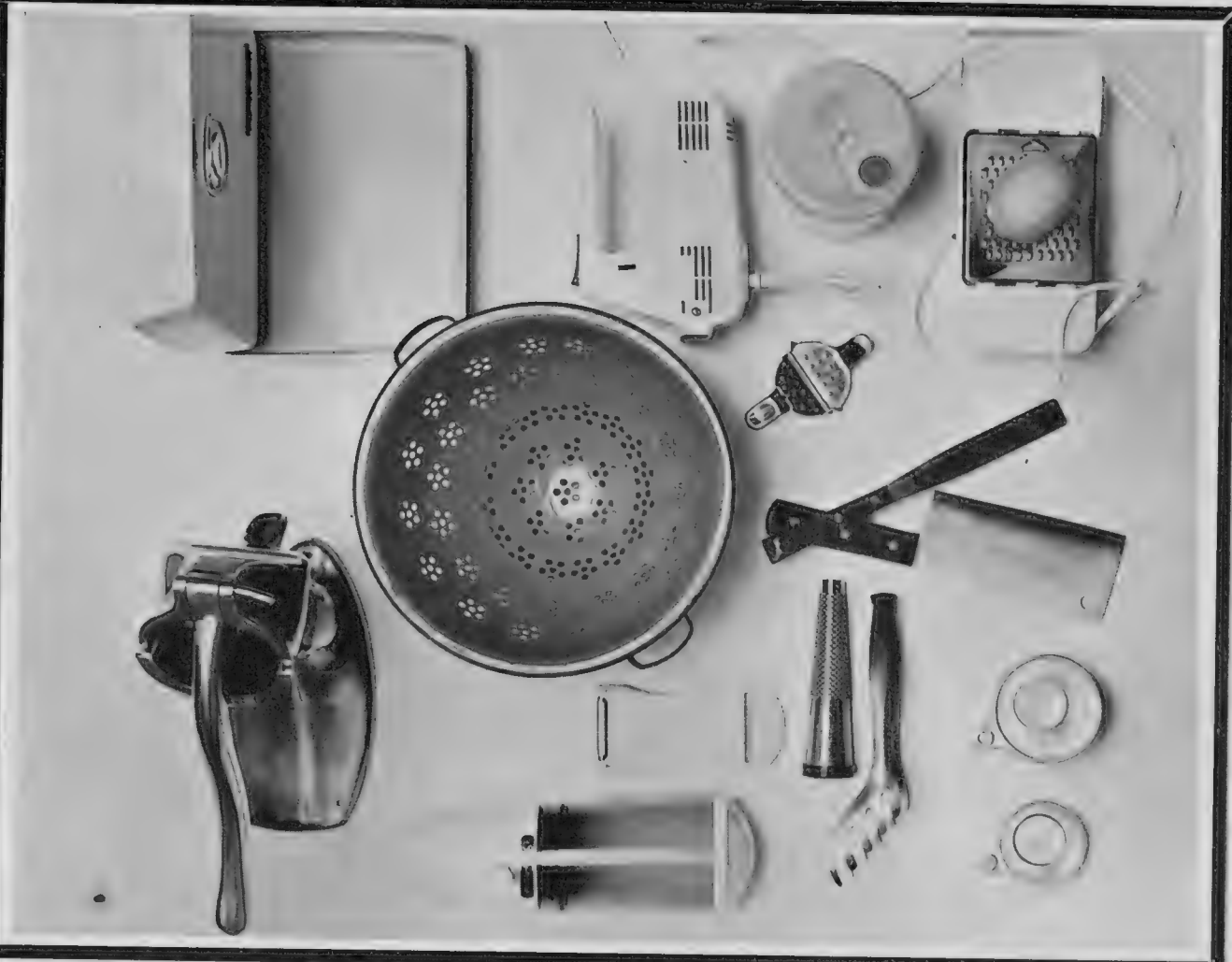
NOTES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL MONAGHAN

Domestic material. Saving is particularly high in things like soap; 3 dozen 6 oz. tablets cost £21. 12s. (11d. a tablet), 12 dozen 6 oz. tablets cost £4. 16s. (8d. a tablet); boxes of 100 face tissues cost £9. 8s. for 48 boxes, work out at 1s. 5d. a box. Impossible to give a detailed list of all the goods available—a complete catalogue can be obtained by writing to John Dron Limited, Mountview House, 6/8 Highgate High Street, London, N.6. Boots the Chemists sell large packs of some of their own products at economical prices; a half-gallon jar of their washing-up liquid, Kudos, costs 7s. 6d., a seven-pound bag of Kudos soap flakes costs 10s. 6d. A one-gallon can of olive oil (imported from Spain) costs 40s. (to order) a pack of 1,000 saccharine tablets 2s. 6d. This applies to some of their cosmetic range, too; notably a five-ounce jar of cold cream for 3s. 9d., a 6-ounce jar of hand-cream at 4s. A thrifty way to buy floor polish is to invest 37s. 6d. at Selfridges for a gallon of their own brand. London Household Service, 51 Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KNI 3721) is best known for its repair service; 2 gns. a year makes you a member, means that if you need an electrician, a plumber or a decorator, they will supply one; but there are also discount advantages in belonging to L.H.S.: their own brand of paint, for instance, is a third below normal retail prices, 36 colours.

LABOUR- -SAVING GADGETS

Manifesto: the aim is to save time and energy with gadgets that actually work. Examples (from top, left to right): Citrus fruit squeezer that can be bolted to a working surface so half your energy isn't wasted keeping the thing still. 62s. 6d., Selfridges. Kitchen scales that are attached to the wall, fold up neatly when not in use, £3 2s. 6d., Heal's. Second row: Tea or coffee container, also a wall fitting, that releases as much as you want at the press of a button, 9s. 6d., Selfridges. Plastic gadget that doubles as cheese slicer, vegetable peeler and slicer, 7s. 11d., John Lewis. Generous-sized orange colander (also in other colours) £1 18s. 6d., General Trading Company. Moulinex Minor electric hand-beater, £4 10s., Selfridges. Bottom row: Stainless steel nutmeg grater with a storage space for whole nutmegs, 5s. 9d.; spaghetti tongs, £1 17s. 6d., both from Heal's. Below them, two out of a set of four measuring cups, 7s. 6d. the set, Selfridges. Chopper, £2 2s., Heal's. Palette knife, part of a set by Prestige of six kitchen tools plus rack, 79s. 6d., John Lewis. Individual lemon squeezer, 7s. 6d., Heal's. Airtight plastic storage jar for liquids, 6s. 11d., Selfridges. Box-type grater which keeps the cheese where it's grated, 8s. 6d., Selfridges.



on plays

Pat Wallace / Prisoner of the intellect

The Royal Court Theatre has been refurbished, repainted, equipped with a much more handy stalls bar and has reopened with Mr. John Osborne's play, **Inadmissible Evidence**. This work will not necessarily appeal to the lover of form and symmetry since it has more intellectual vigour than shape and tends to take off into typically Osborne flights of rhetoric. With that said, what is its subject, its content?

The playwright has written about a man whose tragedy is that he sees himself clearly, pities himself, but recognizes his own part in the whole sordid story. He is not essentially a man of our times or even a 20th-century discovery. Neurotic cave men probably brooded about the disillusioning turns their lives were taking, but of course they did not have the resource of our language or of Mr. Osborne's fluent, colourful, sometimes inspired

use of it. His central character is one Bill Maitland and, in a performance during which he never leaves the stage, Mr. Nicol Williamson shows us the disintegration of a man who is at all times agonizingly aware of the causes of his state.

His marriage has failed though he assures his wife that he will never leave her. The solicitor's office in which he runs his mediocre business deals mainly with cases of no more than everyday significance; a colleague to whom he offers a partnership goes instead to a more successful firm; a younger man in the business constantly exasperates him; his series of evanescent affairs with secretaries and switchboard girls proves unsatisfying; his mistress is elusive and, as for the clients, one by one they state their cases and then leave him. He is tortured by insomnia and ill-health which he treats with constant and obsessive pill-

taking and his relationship with his young daughter is as hollow as every other aspect of his life.

All this he realizes with a painful clarity (and a flow of words) that inspires pity, unadmirable and lonely as he is. He moves grudgingly towards his death, trying for contact of some kind with each person who could—but never does—fill the vacuum of his existence. As the women clients sit by his desk reading their depositions in divorce cases murmur their woes, it is as if he saw in their situations analogies with the women in his own life and he supplies a counterpoint of long, expository asides in something the manner of an O'Neill play. If he never leaves the scene he is also seldom mute and this must be one of the most demanding parts currently being played in London. Mr. Williamson's voice with its occasionally harsh notes is put to a stringent test and the wonder is that there is not more monotony in his tones. In some ways indeed, the play would be worth seeing for his performance alone.

In another, it should be seen as the newest and quite possibly the best of Osborne's writing for the stage so far. There are times when the playgoer may feel himself swamped by dramatic rhetoric—Maitland's tirade against his daughter and her contemporaries is really fantastically long and relieved only by a moment of tenderness—but there is so much worth seizing in the flow of words the audience must feel content.

Altogether it is an impressive if not particularly likeable, play. Mr. Anthony Page's direction is very good indeed, and apart from the dominating figure of the solicitor, Mr. Arthur Lowe is to be commended for his very human portrayal of another legal colleague and Miss Lois Daine as the child of nature, handling her switchboard competently when not engaged in the business that really diverts her.

This, quite obviously, is going to be one of those plays that will provide a talking point for a long time to come: a speciality of Mr Osborne's, now that I come to think of it.

on films

Elsbeth Grant / Yesterday, today and forever

American politics are as confusing to me as a three-ring circus: there are, in both, so many talented performers simultaneously vying for your vote that you never really get a clear view of any of them. You don't think the analogy is valid? Well, see **The Best Man**, and maybe you'll realize that the political arena, like any Big Top, has its tightrope walkers, its lion tamers and its clowns, to say nothing of the kind of aerialist who (literally) hangs on to his job by his teeth, and a ringmaster at the crack of whose whip everybody jumps to it.

Mr. Gore Vidal has written a brilliant screenplay, based on his stage play that opened in the States in 1960—an election year. Apparently all Presidential elections must be much the same; yesterday, today and forever.

Some of Mr. Vidal's stinging lines make one rather wish this were not the case. There's the admiring remark addressed by a Senator (Mr. John Henry Faulk) to one of the candidates for the Presidency (Mr. Cliff Robertson): "You're great! You can sound like a Liberal but I know that at heart you're an American." And there's the

comment of a busy woman politician (Miss Ann Sothern) on a previous candidate. She confidently speaks for the entire female electorate when she says "It did Adlai Stevenson a great lot of harm, not having a wife and being funny all the time." Hmmm!

Mr. Robertson and Mr. Henry Fonda are the two top contenders for their party's Presidential nomination. The former is a thrusting, unscrupulous opportunist, happily married to a vulgar little wife (Miss Edie Adams) by whom he's had several children. The latter is a liberal-minded, thoughtful idealist whose childless marriage (to Miss Margaret Leighton) has not been a conspicuous success. Each hopes for the support of the ex-President (Mr. Lee Tracy), who dislikes Mr. Robertson but admires his ability to make quick decisions, and likes Mr. Fonda but fears he might be indecisive in a crisis.

Mr. Robertson has in his possession a file stolen from a nursing home where Mr. Fonda stayed during a nervous breakdown. He intends to use it to "prove" Mr. Fonda is mentally unstable. Mr. Fonda's campaign manager (Mr. Kevin McCarthy), ready to meet

smear with smear, promptly digs up a man (Mr. Shelley Berman, revoltingly good) who is willing to "prove" that when in the army his opponent was a homosexual.

This is the sort of thing Mr. Fonda entered politics to stop—"this business of gossip instead of issues, personalities instead of principles." Can he now bring himself to subscribe to it? While he is making up his mind, Mr. Tracy dies without having endorsed either candidate. I am happy to report that, left to his own devices, Mr. Fonda is able, without sacrificing his integrity, to stymie Mr. Robertson. What he does have to sacrifice, though, is his own chance of becoming President; he thinks it's worth it. Mr. Robertson, he says, has no sense of responsibility towards anyone or anything—and "that is a tragedy in a man but in a President it's a disaster." Hear! Hear!

The film has been magnificently directed by Mr. Franklin Schaffner and is superbly acted.

Mr. Tennessee Williams, usually a gloomy scribe, seems to be sounding a surprising, new note of hope in **The Night of the Iguana**. At least, if he isn't saying we can all be redeemed through love and kindness, I don't know *what* the message is. Mr. John Huston, directing, may have garbled it, of course, but it doesn't look as if he has.

Mr. Richard Burton, a minis-

ter unfrocked for licentious behaviour, has been reduced to "guiding" a coachload of fear-some American females through Mexico. When he's in danger of losing even that humiliating job (a sex-crazy girl, Miss Sue Lyon, is discovered in his bedroom and her butch chaperone vows she'll have him sacked) Mr. Burton panics and whirls his charges off to a crumbling, mountain hotel run by his old friend Miss Ava Gardner—playing a splendidly uninhibited, handsome slut.

While the tourists stalk and Miss Gardner snarls, Mr. Burton wallows in rum, tequila and self-pity, blaming everybody but himself for his plight. Enter Miss Deborah Kerr, a virginal itinerant water-colourist, and her grandfather, a deaf, decrepit poet of incredible age. Miss Kerr is kind to everyone, criticizes none, understands the meaning of loneliness and the need for love.

Mr. Burton (trussed in a ham-mock, by the way, for his own safety) tells her he's at the end of his rope—like the wretched iguana the servants have tethered under the verandah for fattening up. Miss Kerr gently demonstrates that ropes can be untied, people (and iguanas) released—and, having brought Mr. Burton and Miss Gardner together in love, wanders off into the blue. (Shades, it seemed to me, of *The Passing of The Third Floor Back*.) A rum film, but fascinating to watch.

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on books

Oliver Warner / Victoria above her station

A very long book on a very long reign: that is a fair summary of **Victoria R.I.** by Elizabeth Longford (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 63s.). Lady Longford, in her opening paragraph, refers to Lytton Strachey's biography as "inimitable," which indeed it is. She herself is on quite another tack, for her "life" is about as inclusive as it could reasonably be. It is neither stuffy nor profound nor arch: on the other hand it is full of new glimpses, it is properly documented, and, *au fond*, it is affectionate. Those with a taste for royal atmosphere have a feast ahead, but not all participants will emerge as Victorians as they started. It is possible to have too much, and sometimes the better the provender, the quicker the satiety.

The Tragedy of Charles II, by Hester W. Chapman (Cape 35s.) is a detailed study of a prince of astonishing versatility, brought low early in life by reversal of fortune. Charles knew real hardship, and the first 30 years of a man who grew to be consummate in kingcraft reads at times like the cloak and dagger adventure tale it is. Charles' "glorious Restoration," the climax, was one of the big surprises of history, and this is well brought out.

I am truly glad that Mrs. Chapman included the rest of Charles' story as an epilogue. In the space of a few brilliant pages, she gives the true essence.

I salute first among the month's novels a new P. G. Wodehouse, **Frozen Assets** (Herbert Jenkins 15s.) To the eager question—is it vintage?—I would answer "almost." Biffen, the hero, Biff to you, is left a mountain of money by his godfather if he steers clear of the law's approaches until his 30th birthday. Had the time limit been more considerable, there would have been endless scope for trouble: even so, Biff runs into scrapes enough, and not many scribes other than Wodehouse could have contrived quite such a swift succession of chortles. In sheer size, the master's bibliography is now awe-inspiring. *Frozen Assets* will, I feel, rank reasonably high, though not among the top six.

A more vivid and distressing short novel than Gwynn Griffin's **A Significant Experience** (Cape 15s.) will seldom be encountered. It equates Regular Army officers, British type, with the worst sort of Prussian, and the fact that the scene is wartime Egypt and the victim, by reason of youth, blood and

outlook, far more to be pitied than brutally punished (as he is) does nothing to temper what is in fact an indictment of a class. I hope it is not a fair picture; I wish I felt *sure* it was not. The story will win readers, but not all of them will be friends, and if your taste is squeamish, keep well clear.

Briefly . . . fans of Elsa the lioness are sure to enjoy **Gara-Yaka: the Story of a Cheetah** by Desmond Varaday (Collins 25s.) and the colour plates inside. The heroine's mother was killed while drinking beside a huge crocodile and Gara-Yaka was hand-reared. The story ends full circle with the crocodile being worsted in a struggle with a python, after disgorging "digestive" stones which include a blue-white diamond. Fantastic? Well, after seeing an Elsa film, I am open-minded about *any* wild life. . . . **Tim Chooses Farming** by Ted Fellows (Methuen 15s.) is an introduction to up-to-date farm ways in a South Country story. A father who gives up city life for the calves and lambs finds a willing partner in his son, the chief character. Tim takes over after father has had a bad fall, and decides that this is the life for him.

Highland Fling by Charles Stuart (Hale 12s. 6d.), will cause wholesome smiles, and is about as good a relief as any from wrestlings of the spirit. A cantankerous old

Scots bart is found dead in the opening pages, (though not, it seems, before time) and the fun comes, as in Wodehouse, with the advent of the heir, a ne'er-do-well who was, at the time, ne'er-do-welling in Nigeria. From then on, things hum towards a happy ending amid Highland scenes . . . You can acquire a massive amount of information from two rather large and profusely illustrated books on astrology and gambling. **Astrology**, by Louis MacNeice (Aldus Books 63s.) is apparently the last completed work of a very distinguished poet. It is astringent and unprejudiced, and stuffed with curious lore . . . Thoroughly practical is **Gambling** by Alan Wykes (Aldus Books 63s.) which appears in the same sturdy and enticing format and tells the addict just what he should know about the chances of winning at roulette, about what happens at the "pools," and the best—and worst—ways of winning or losing money in other popular directions. Worth having by when next tempted to a flutter . . . **Temples, Tombs and Hieroglyphs** by Barbara Mertz (Gollancz 30s.) is popular Egyptology. Many photographs, and a good story on at least every other page. I am not competent to pronounce on the author's professional qualifications, but she writes with zest, and she has what makes for sustained interest, a lively sense of wonder.

on records

Spike Hughes / Unless you'd prefer the whisky . . .

It was more than two years ago that I reviewed the first of Saga's anti-clockwise issue of Bartok's six string quartets (Nos. 5 and 6 were followed by Nos. 3 and 4). Now at last the series has been completed with the **First and Second Quartets** (one record: mono only) played, like the others, by the Fine Arts Quartet. The wisdom of releasing the Bartok quartets in this apparently cockeyed order is admirably demonstrated: the composer's violent, revolutionary First Quartet, written in 1908, is still the most difficult of the whole set to digest, and paradoxically it helps to understand it if you've heard the other five first. Almost as revolutionary as the music is the price of the records. Not only does this last instalment of the set cost only 12s. 6d., but the two earlier releases have also been reduced to this price, which means that

you can have Bartok's six quartets, one of the great achievements of 20th-century music, for less than the price of a bottle of whisky. And well worth putting up with somebody else's hooch for a couple of days, I say.

It has long been my view that any young composer who wants to write symphonies should make his debut with his Fifth, even if it means writing Nos. 1 to 4 at his leisure afterwards. For there's no doubt that fifth symphonies have a peculiar popular appeal—think of Beethoven's, Tchaikovsky's, Dvorak's "New World" (I can't help it if it's now called No. 9—it first became popular as No. 5); then there is Sibelius's Fifth and Shostakovich's, and Brahms's Fifth which is particularly popular among those who detest the rest of his music. Prokofiev's **Fifth Symphony** is another that enjoys

the benefit of this lucky number; it already rates five recordings in the current catalogues and now a sixth set has been made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Erich Leinsdorf (RCA: one record, mono and stereo). This symphony is the first of a series of recordings Leinsdorf and the Boston Orchestra are making of the complete orchestral works of Prokofiev. Whether the scheme is to include the ballet scores I do not know, but for my own curiosity I would like to hear again the two ballets he wrote for Diaghileff—*Chout* and *Le Pas d'Acier*, which were wonderfully typical of the fun and fury of music in the early 1920s. Even in his Fifth Symphony, written to conform to the naïve official standards of Soviet Russia, where all politicians are critics and most critics are politicians, Prokofiev never altogether lost these youthful qualities. There is still a lot of fun and fury as well as a rather wry, subtle irony in this symphony of 1944.

When conductors like the 80-year-old Ernest Ansermet

and the late Pierre Monteux take to conducting the classics in their old age after a youth spent in conducting one world première of riot-provoking music after another, it is almost like hearing a younger generation's view of long familiar music for the first time. One finds oneself doubting whether they really have the experience to give authoritative accounts of standard works one never remembers their having performed in one's hearing before. Time seems full of surprises, however, and Ansermet's conducting of Sibelius's **Second Symphony** (Decca: one record, mono and stereo) is a fascinating study of music being newly discovered late in life. There are no surprises; Ansermet treats Sibelius's music with affection as well as respect, observing traditional practices when they help the music, and ignoring them when they don't. It is an exceptionally sympathetic performance.

Ansermet's first job as a conductor, like Monteux's, was with a casino orchestra, and I

was wondering what there is about casino orchestras that arrests the development of a conductor's liking for Mozart. Monteux made his first record of Mozart's music when he was 89, and at 80 Ansermet has so far only recorded two of the composer's less demanding works—one of them a Serenade, and the other, oddly enough, the same Flute Concerto that was Monteux's only Mozart record.

Meanwhile, with the release of Sibelius's **Sixth Symphony** conducted by the late Anthony Collins, Decca have now issued all seven of the composer's symphonies on five of their cheap Ace of Clubs records

(mono only). The Sixth is one of the most fascinatingly elusive and epigrammatic of all Sibelius's symphonies, without the tension and gloom of the Fourth, but with a wonderfully lightfingered scherzo and several of those typical, dramatic brass crescendos that might have been written by Duke Ellington. The Sixth Symphony being a short piece, the record is filled up with some of the incidental music Sibelius wrote for the play of **Pelleas and Melisande** which presents yet another highly individual view of a subject that attracted Faure and Schoenberg as well as Debussy in its time.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Collections in Cardiff

I did Cardiff in a day last week. It was my first visit to that very pleasant city and I spent most of my time in the Edwardian baroque Amgueddfa Genedlaethol Cymru—the National Museum of Wales. Trying to find the pictures, my attention was caught first by a group of Epstein bronzes and then by glass cases of stuffed birds, archaeological remains and antique pottery. I eventually found a long gallery that began with a *Virgin and Child with pomegranate* attributed to Botticelli and ended, 60 yards and 400 years later, with one of the most beguiling of all Renoir's portraits of women, *La Parisienne*. And many other fine Impressionist works. In between came an important group of Richard Wilson's landscapes, five Turners on loan from the Tate, several characteristic genre pictures by J. F. Millet that show that the revival of interest in this very fine painter was overdue, and works by Daumier, Corot, Boudin and minor artists such as Tissot and Meissonier.

The greater, and certainly the best, part of the Museum's pictures was bequeathed by the Misses Gwendoline and Margaret Davies, of whom the story is told that they were sent to Paris early this century with £1,000 pocket money each and bought themselves paintings worth a million pounds at today's prices. Without the Davies Collection, the National Museum's pictures would be among the drearier provincial collections. With it, Cardiff has something to shout about (but she doesn't). The eight canvases by Monet—three of

them ineffably beautiful, near-abstract *Waterlilies* painted between 1905 and 1908, and, among the others, *The Palazzo Dario, Venice*; *Charing Cross Bridge*; and one of the *Rouen Cathedral* series—would alone have made the journey to South Wales worth while. But there are also three important Cézannes—one of them a Provencal landscape that is a classic example of the aspect of Cézanne that also inspired the Cubist landscapes of Picasso and Braque, another the *Still-life with teapot* that was among the works stolen from the Cézanne exhibition at Aix in 1961 and later recovered—three Manets, a daring Van Gogh landscape, a Gauguin of Breton peasants, and two Degas sculptures, one of them the *Petite danseuse de 14 ans* without her tutu.

Another room of the Museum contains modern paintings, nearly all of them the gift of Miss Margaret Davies, including good examples of the work of Bonnard, Utrillo, Marquet, Derain, Vlaminck, Friesz and of many British painters, from John and Sickert to Terry Frost and Derrick Greaves.

Also at the Museum until 10 October is the retrospective exhibition of the 50-year-old London Group that I reviewed when it was at the Tate Gallery a few weeks ago. And in the Arts Council's gallery, alongside the Museum, there is a John Piper retrospective, *John Piper in Wales*, a reminder that this popular artist has spent nearly a third of his working life in Wales. The only commercial gallery in the city, the Howard Roberts Gallery, after



Hubert Dalwood whose one-man show of sculptures is at Impel Films

a run of more exciting shows, is ticking over quietly with an exhibition by two local water-colourists, Arthur Miles and Alfred Morgan-Hall. They are a nicely balanced pair. Miles, highly skilled and traditional, at his best recalls Cotman. Morgan-Hall, neither so obviously skilled nor traditional, occasionally gives faint echoes of Feininger or Klee.

Through a tie-up with Marlborough Fine Art in London this gallery has been able to show work by Graham Sutherland, John Piper, Ceri Richards, Henry Moore and other famous artists. It is, however, more concerned with trying to prove to the Welsh that there are worthy artists living in Wales. But, says Mr. Howard Roberts, except for a sophisticated minority the public in Wales are remarkably unaware of the merits of present-day Welsh painting, and he recalls a German visitor's comment that on the walls of their homes the

Welsh have only reproductions—of French pictures. By coincidence there is now an exhibition of reproductions of French paintings, *Ecole de Paris*, at Thomson House, Cardiff.

Back in London I was invited to an exhibition of pictures painted by Ruskin (Spear RA, James Fitton RA, F. N. Souza, Kyffin Williams, John Plumb and Peter Blake, with the new "Polymer" range of plastic paints produced by Reeves. Though the new paints are not claimed as a substitute for oils, these artists, each of whom is stylistically very different from the others, show that it is possible to achieve with them most of the effects that can (and some that cannot) be achieved with oil paints. But the thing that is most likely to make Polymer popular is the speed with which the colours dry, thus speeding up the whole picture-making process. This can be a boon, particularly to art students.

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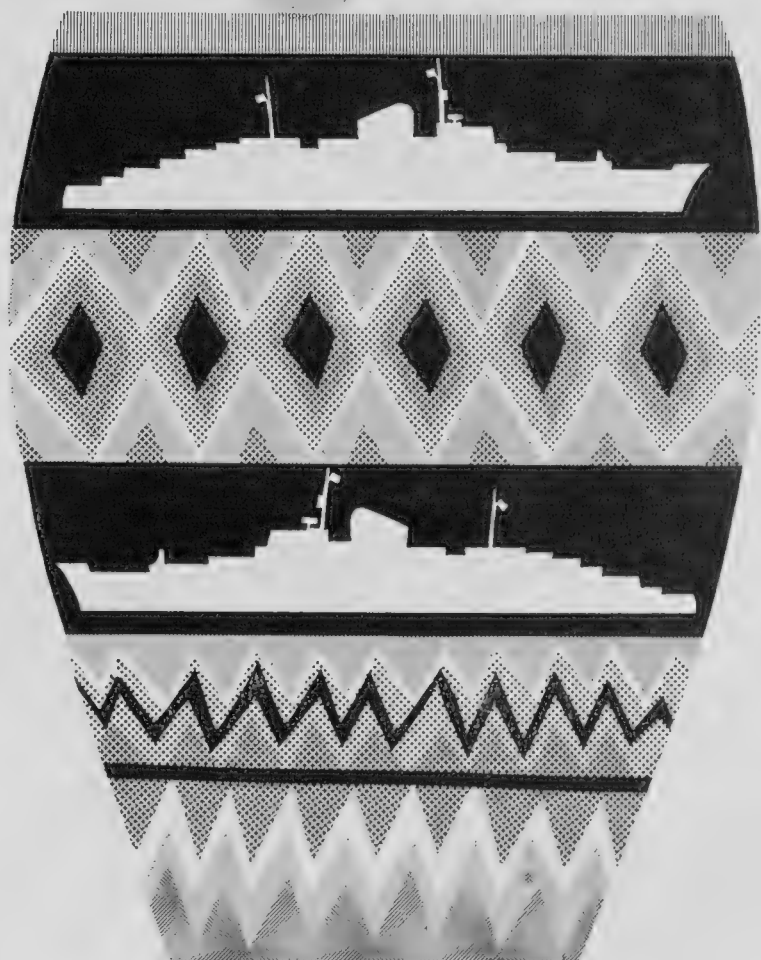
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MOTORING

It was certainly a surprise to go behind the Iron Curtain, to the town of Mlada Boleslav, and find there a brand new motor factory as big and well equipped as anything in the rest of Europe. In a country like Czechoslovakia, where traffic is hardly a problem, the idea of 1,000 cars a day being turned out is a trifle staggering. Though they are better known as erstwhile arms barons, the Central European arsenal from which the former Balkan powers drew their offensive weapons, Skoda are not newcomers to motor manufacture: cars were a sideline when Franz Josef was on the Austro-Hungarian throne, and Skoda have had a finger in that pie ever since 1925.

They took over the old-established firm of Laurin & Klement who, in then-Bohemia, started out in 1897 making bicycles and progressed to motorcycles and, in 1901, to cars. These old L & K's were noted for their longevity and reliability, and they pioneered front wheel brakes and independent suspension. Their

name was replaced by that of Skoda nearly 30 years ago, and today is remembered only by veteran car enthusiasts.

Now, at last, their old factory where so many early cars were born, and latterly the Octavia and Combi made (these are continuing in production), has been superseded by this vast new plant, built over the last four years, and in which the new 1,000MB model will be churned out at the best part of 1,000 a day. In Czechoslovakia, where component suppliers are few and far between, a car manufacturer really does have to produce most of his own material — castings, forgings and steel pressings, for instance, that elsewhere are mainly "bought out". For that reason this new Skoda light car has taken a long time in the gestation stage—10 years, I was told—during which period many different prototypes have been made and tested, of various basic design.

Finally they settled for one with rear water-cooled one-litre engine, largely made of light alloy, and a four-door

four-seater pressed steel saloon body that does not break any very new ground. It does, however, have one ready mark of identification—the large louvre or air intake grille on each side of the body behind the rear doors. Some people may not think them beautiful, and they will be difficult to keep clean.

The new car seems to go very well. I gave it as long a run as was possible under the circumstances—some 50 miles—around Prague, calling at the site of the Nazi-obliterated village of Lidice. And what a host of tourists there are in Czechoslovakia: the street outside the Jalta Hotel in Wenceslas Square was packed with their cars. One thing that brings them, no doubt, is that the exchange rate can be highly favourable if you stay long enough in the country. Petrol for visitors is cheap, too—only 3s 3d a gallon if you buy vouchers in advance.

Where the 1000MB will go is a moot point; the domestic market is so severely rationed that a waiting list of one to two years has already built up for it. Skoda does a big foreign trade through its export organization "Motokov," supplying markets both in and out of the Iron Curtain—even China. For us in the U.K. a right-hand drive

model will have to be made and, though one will be on show at Earls Court next month, it will not be available for several months after that, and the Motor Show demonstration cars will have left-hand drive. The British price has been fixed at £579, and Skoda cars are handled here by Motor Imports Co. Ltd., 7 Gresham Road, London S.W.9.

As the price includes items that are normally listed as extras on low-priced cars, such as heater and lock for the steering to prevent theft, it seems competitive. One feature which struck me as being particularly good was that the seating can be rearranged, in conjunction with the reclining back of the front seats (both of which are individually adjustable, incidentally—too many inexpensive cars are having the front passenger's seat fixed immovably in one position), to form one or a pair of beds. Alternatively, the back seats can be transformed into a flat floor to provide additional space for luggage or goods when only two persons are using the car. Its overall length is 13 ft. 7 ins., its weight about 14½ cwt., its maximum speed around 75 m.p.h. and petrol consumption an average of 40 miles per gallon.

David Morton / Top dressing

MAN'S WORLD

The nine inches between a man's Adam's Apple and the top button of his jacket can reveal a great deal about him; more than any other area of his clothes, except possibly his cuffs and cuff-links taken together. Ties, for example, offer great opportunities for analysis, especially of a man's mood. The morning choice of a tie can be almost subconscious, perhaps because one isn't too wide awake at that hour; cover a man's tie and ask him to describe it and very often he won't be able to say whether it's striped or plain. If it's striped in O.E. or Brigade colours and is less than, say, 2½ inches wide, don't attempt this experiment, unless you are prepared to explain your actions in fluent French or Italian.

Choosing ties in a shop is another matter. The thing to do is to avoid boggling in amazement at the awful patterns, wondering how anyone would be seen dead in them, but to concentrate on the choice. Shape is easy—the newest, smartest ties at the

time of writing are 1½ inches wide with pointed ends; a few weeks ago they were 2½ inches wide with squared ends. Not to worry, few can detect ½ in. difference, and the end can be hidden. Colour next—and here the difficulties start. The only infallible way to choose a tie is to buy it at the same time as the shirt, wearing the suit you intend to match them to. No shopkeeper is going to approve of a new shirt being taken out of its packing and tucked inside the jacket to judge the effect, but you can wind a tie round your finger to judge the effect of it when knotted and try it against the shirt and jacket.

There are exceptions: a narrow, black, knitted tie is almost a necessity, and so is a plain navy silk one. I am finding a charcoal grey knitted tie in a rather hairy alpaca very useful at the moment. The several ties other people have given me are also proving useful: they make excellent shoe rags.

Shirts are another important matter in this basic nine inches. Most of the emphasis

is going to be on the collar, but pattern and colour can't be neglected in choosing a shirt. I am slowly developing the feeling that a white shirt should never be worn in daylight, and a patterned shirt should never be worn in the evening; but perhaps this is rather an extreme view. The detergent companies certainly won't like it. I find pale blue shirts with tab collars the most useful I have.

There's surely never been such a choice of collar styles. Arrow shirts offer as wide a choice as any maker, and have added three new collar styles to their already wide range. The three new styles cover the possibilities so effectively, one might think Arrow were hedging their bets. There's the Harvard button-down, longish points with a roll to them; Hi-beat, a deep collar with very long spear points, and a high collar with a tab fastening which is my own choice, with the rounded tab collar. King Cotton continues to be Arrow's leading success story—a shirt that never needs ironing, even if it's been through the mangle. In printed casual shirts, brushed cotton casuals or more formal shirts, the King Cotton label means great performance in the

wash. I also like Arrow's Shadella fabric—warm, soft, rather flannelly, in pleasant, toned down checks: a shirt of this material costs 45s.

John Church are offering some unusual shirts with thin blackbraiding round the penny-round collar and cuffs; Thorne's at 53 Wilton Road, SW1, have this shirt, and so do Martin's of Market Street, Manchester. It costs 39s. 6d. John Michael showed me some fine voiles that they will have made up into their classic shirts shortly—bluff collars (i.e. no stitching visible), fly front, double cuffs. The colours were splendidly pure and clear, the price will be 4 guineas.

In general, I think the trend in shirts is going to be towards tapered bodies, which don't bunch over the trousers, towards fly fronts which don't show that missing button under the narrow tie, towards more unusual patterns like herringbones, towards stronger colours when used in contrast with white collars (see Sportique's strong pink and Simpson's military green), towards bluff-edged cutaway attached collars or very deep long pointed rolling collars, one influence coming from France and one from American television series.

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DINING IN

Experiment with standard recipes often leads to better ways of cooking. PORK CUTLETS for example, braised with onions, mushrooms and green sweet pepper, served in a delicious sauce accented with a little Madeira, can be cooked in almost a quarter of the usual time and the result, I think, is better. For 4 helpings peel $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small pickling onions (not shallots), cut the stalks from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of unpeeled button mushrooms, wash and dry them and the mushrooms, cut the green pepper into strips and then match-stick pieces, discarding the seeds. Turn on the grill to highest heat.

Melt a little bacon or chicken fat in a frying-pan and slowly brown the onions in it, shaking the pan to colour them evenly. A tiny pinch of sugar will help this along. Arrange 4 pork cutlets, less than an inch thick, on the grid in the grill pan, spread them with fat and place them under the hot grill. When they have browned and sizzled, lower the heat and let them cook more gently.

Meanwhile, lift out the onions into a saucepan. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of stock ($\frac{1}{2}$ chicken cube and water will do), a small teaspoon of tomato purée and the green pepper. Cover and leave to cook very gently. These onions seem to cook through very quickly. The idea is to keep them whole and slightly firm. After 8 to 9 minutes, remove the grill pan. Raise the heat again. Sprinkle the browned surface of the cutlets with a little salt and pepper, then invert them and repeat the grilling and seasoning. At the last possible moment, fry the mushrooms for a minute at a good heat. Drain off the fat. Add the onions, stock and pepper to the mushrooms and move them about to dislodge the residue in the pan. Add a tablespoon of Madeira and then a good teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a tablespoon of water. Shake the pan (gently) to blend the ingredients. Bring to the boil and that is all. Place the cutlets in a heated serving-dish and surround them with the onion mixture. Plainly boiled potatoes sprinkled with chopped parsley go well.

Whatever the reasons, there is a growing public for vege-

tarian foods. The Vega Restaurant in London has long been known to those who abstain from animal products and now its original owners Walter and Jenny Fliess, have compiled a practical 240-page book, *Modern Vegetarian Cookery* (Penguin Books, 5s.). The clearly set-out recipes (500 of them) are easy to follow.

Recently I had the opportunity of sampling upwards of 16 dishes at a luncheon prepared by them. All were very pleasant and I had no feeling about any of them being "crank" foods. I came away, if not convinced that I could become a non-meat-eater, at least feeling that one could very well live on vegetarian fare. Indeed, I know elderly people who may eat fish, meat or poultry at midday but would not risk any of them for their evening meal. For such people, there are many very good dishes in this book.

VEGETABLE CHOP SUEY (for 4) is one. Like the usual Chinese "Chop Suey," it is prepared in a matter of minutes. The authors point out that the cooking time of 3 to 5 minutes between the various stages is only a rough guide. The vegetables can easily be overcooked so it is better to err on the "underdone" side. Here are the ingredients, not tabulated as in the book, but "run on" to save space: $\frac{1}{2}$ head celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ small cabbage, 2 large onions (or leeks), 2 large carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. (one small can) bean sprouts, 3 tablespoons oil, 4 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon yeast extract, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soya sauce, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup stock, salt to taste. After washing or peeling, slice the carrots and onions and cut the celery and cabbage into 1-inch pieces. Heat the oil in a saucepan, add the vegetables and stir to cover them with the oil. Stew for 3 to 5 minutes.

Add the stock, bring back to the boil and stew for 3 to 5 minutes over a low heat, then add the yeast extract and the soya sauce. Blend the cornflour with the water, add it to the vegetables and cook for another 3 to 5 minutes. The bean sprouts can either be added to the vegetables at the last minute, or cooked separately in water for a minute and then added. Serve with boiled rice.



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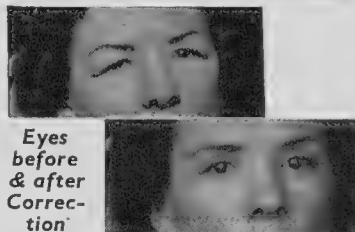
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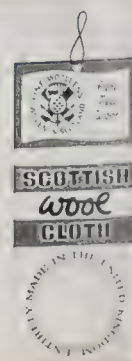
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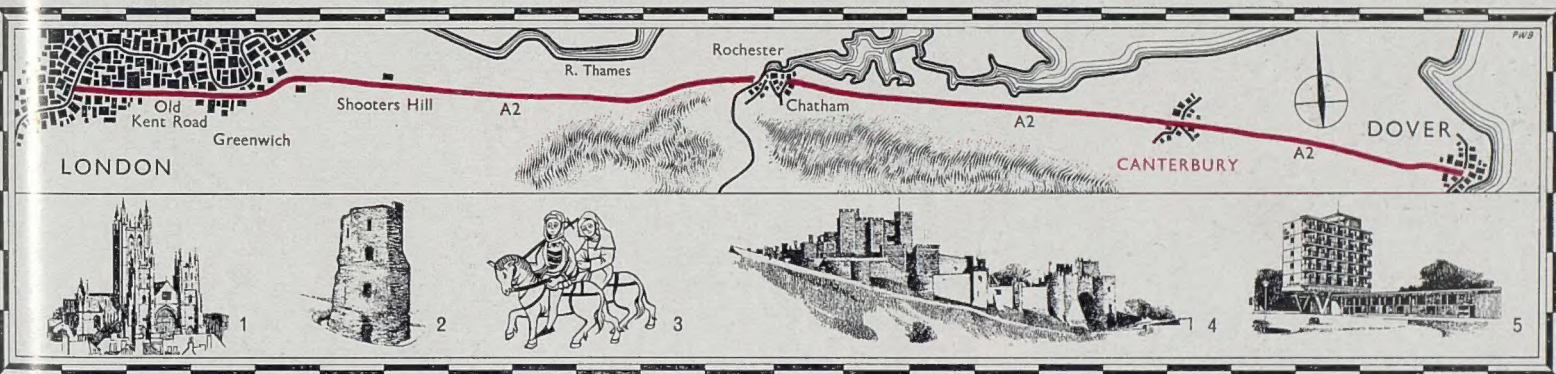


Explore the roads of Britain with Shell



THE DOVER ROAD

painted by David Gentleman



The Dover Road, A2—London to Canterbury, Canterbury to Dover, and the shortest crossing of the Channel—must count as our most ancient lifeline to the rest of the world. Modern traffic between Dover (which the Romans called *Portus Dubris*) and London mostly takes a different route via Folkestone and Maidstone, but it was this Dover Road—strictly the final section of the great Watling Street of the Romans, which goes on up Edgware Road and crosses the Midlands to Wroxeter, on the Severn—that legionaries and officials used between Rome and *Londinium*, that St. Augustine used on his way to Canterbury, and that the Master Mason or architect William of Sens used, no doubt, when he came from France in 1174 to redesign the cathedral (1). By that year Thomas à Becket had been murdered (in the north transept of the cathedral, on 29 December

1170) and canonised (1172). In 1220, the saint's body was transferred from the primitive crypt to the most magnificent of shrines. Pilgrims from London, pilgrims (3) from all Europe, now travelled the road to his shrine. These pilgrims of the Dover Road returned wearing badges of St. Thomas in sign that they had made the virtuous journey. Canterbury bells of the garden, too, are supposed to have been named from the bells carried by the pilgrims.

Today, the overseas visitor, as he lands from the car ferry at this terminal point of the Dover Road or Watling Street, can see in the same glance the most modern of tourist hotels (5) and the most ancient of lighthouses (2)—Roman, up by the Castle (4)—which greeted his remote forbears.

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